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BEGINNINGS FOR EVERY DAY: A CALENDAR OF THOUGHT

ARRANGED BY

LUCY LARCOM

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BECKONINGS

For Every Day

A CALENDAR OF THOUGHT

ARRANGED BY

LUCY LARCOM

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge
1890

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MONTHS AND THEMES.

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INTRODUCTORY.

THIS little volume is not wholly dissimilar in idea from others of the kind which have been issued from year to year; yet it has features sufficiently distinctive to give it a reason for being. It grew up in the arranger's mind from a desire to share with others thoughts which had given uplift and enlargement to her own life, and the work seemed more and more worth doing as it went on. Such a book, to be really valuable, must be a growth, and scarcely a rapid one: this has been taken up as a pleasant side-occupation during two or three years; and has been in itself a refreshing and stimulating companionship.

Aiming, as its title suggests, to give some of the most awakening and inspiring words of the great and good in all ages, there are naturally many familiar passages; not a few, perhaps, which have appeared in other compilations; yet it is believed that the amount of fresh material hitherto unappropriated in this way is unusually large.

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The effort has been to enter into the spirit of modern thought and aspiration, and also to show how the best expressions of the best minds of earlier and later times harmonize in the truth. Poet and philosopher and Christian thinker, speaking from their deepest insight, strike the same keynote, and meet in one concord of eternal verities.

And it is wonderful to see and to feel how all high thought converges, as the ray to the centre, in the highest Christian thought — that of the Divine Humanity, the Presence of the Son of God in the world.

Believers are perhaps too ready to satisfy themselves with the consolations of their faith, forgetting that its real power is in its unceasing upward call. It is not good for us to breathe always the soft atmosphere of the valley, however soothing it may be: the bracing air of spiritual heights strengthens the soul to ascend towards the grandeur of its immortal destiny. The saint were scarcely a saint, if he were not also capable of more than earthly heroisms; and the leading endeavor has been to keep in sight this loftier aspect of Christianity, which is as much more nobly human as it is deeply and intensely Christian.

The thought that all truth is Divine truth, and that all real life is Eternal Life, is more deeply impressing itself upon the heart and soul of our age than of any preceding; and herein is deep

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ground for gratitude and prophetic hope. What poetry and philosophy had announced, Revelation has confirmed, with an ever-widening outlook through illimitable vistas.

The arrangement of subjects under the different months has necessarily been in some degree arbitrary; but it was thought that something of coherence would make the book more useful to the reader.

If honored names among the living and the departed are often repeated, it is because to them have been committed larger measures of that truth which belongs to all the world, because it is of God.

The compiler has connected these groups of thought by a thread of her own, from month to month; but credit has been given for everything not original by quotation-marks where unknown, or by the names of known authors.

L. L.

BEVERLY, MASS, *June*, 1886.

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THE NEW YEAR.

Behold, the New Year beckons, like a flower
Hid in its roots among the untrodden hills:
God show thee how its sweetness every hour
Grows only as His breath thy spirit fills!

Behold, the New Year beckons, like a star,
A splendid mystery of the unfathomed skies:
God guide thee through His mystic spaces far,
Till all His stars as suns within thee rise!

The New Year beckons. He too, beckoning, nears;
Forget not thou that all its gifts are His!
Take from His hand all blessings of the years,
And of the blossoming, starred eternities!

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FIRST MONTH.

THE year opens with a beauty of its own. Its gateway is crystal; its threshold is garnished with the tints of all manner of precious stones. In the glittering pendants over doorway and window, in the iridescence of ice-hung trees, we catch the changeful hues of blossoms, fountains, blue skies, and rainbows, hidden within this white gate, in the summer that is yet far away, a promise unfulfilled.

And in this wonder of blended purity and color, this splendor which transfigures the familiar landscape, other visions flash upon us, — the illumination of the unseen, —

> "A glimpse of glory infinite —
> The foregleam of the Holy City
> Like that to him of Patmos given;
> The white bride coming down from heaven."

"The twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl." By each of our months we enter upon a distinct and beautiful revelation of this world, which was meant to be the City of the Living God. The gateways that let in the cool of the north, the balm of the south, the glow of the east, and the tenderness of the west, — winter, spring, summer, autumn, — each

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brings earth its own peculiar charm. It is the same world, yet without sameness, seen through a halo of infinitely-varying beauty.

Light is life. Alike in the visible and spiritual worlds, it is the one primal element of being. Through luminous gateways opening all around us, the soul passes on into glory which no eye hath seen or can see — into the nearer Presence of Him who is Light; in whom "is no darkness at all."

JANUARY.

THE INVISIBLE PRESENCE.

1 January. There is something in the human mind which makes it know that in all finite quantity there is an infinite, in all measure of time an eternal; that the latter are the basis, the substance, the true and abiding reality, of the former; and that as we truly *are* only as far as God is with us, so neither can we truly possess (that is, enjoy) our being, or any other real good, but by living in the sense of His holy presence.

S. T. Coleridge.

There is a Height higher than mortal thought;
There is a Love warmer than mortal love;
There is a Life which taketh not its hues
From Earth or earthly things, and so grows pure,
And higher than the petty cares of men,
And is a blessed life and glorified. Lewis Morris.

2 January. Man's unhappiness, as I con-

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strue, comes of his greatness: it is because there is an Infinite in him, which with all his cunning he cannot quite bury under the finite.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Are there not aspirations in each heart
After a better, brighter world than this; —
Longings for beings nobler in each part,
Things more exalted, steeped in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul, in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality!

ROBERT NICOLL.

3 January. A divine discontent is wrought into us, — divine, because it attends our highest faculties.

The repose of the greater spirits is not acquiescence in the allotments of time, but the conscious possession of eternal life. T. T. MUNGER.

I hear it often in the dark, —
I hear it in the light, —
Where *is* the voice that calls to me
With such a quiet might?
It seems but echo to my thought,
And yet beyond the stars:
It seems a heart-beat in a hush,
And yet the planet jars!

Oh, may it be that far within
My inmost soul there lies
A spirit-sky, that opens with
Those voices of surprise?

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And can it be, by night and day,
That firmament serene
Is just the heaven where God Himself,
The Father, dwells unseen? W. C. Gannett.

4 January. The soul, in its highest sense, is a vast capacity for God. It is like a curious chamber added on to being, a chamber with elastic and contractile walls, which can be expanded, with God as its guest, illimitably; but which without God shrinks and shrivels until every vestige of the Divine is gone, and God's image is left without God's Spirit. — Nature has her revenge upon neglect as well as upon extravagance. Misuse, with her, is as mortal a sin as abuse.

Henry Drummond.

Upward the soul forever turns her eyes;
The next hour always shames the hour before;
One beauty, at its highest, prophesies
That by whose side it shall seem mean and poor.
No God-like thing knows aught of less and less,
But widens to the boundless Perfectness.

James Russell Lowell.

5 January. Man is not placed in the world of sense alone, but the essential root of his being is in God.

When the consciousness of the true source of his existence first rises upon him, and he joyfully resigns himself to it, till his being is steeped in the thought, then peace and joy and blessedness flow in upon his soul. And it lies in the Divine Idea that all men must come to this gladden-

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ing consciousness, — that the outward and tasteless finite life may be pervaded by the Infinite, and so enjoyed; and to this end all who have been filled with the Divine Idea have labored and shall still labor, — that this consciousness, in its purest possible form, may be spread throughout the race. FICHTE.

Every inward aspiration
Is God's angel undefiled;
And in every "O my Father!"
Slumbers deep a "Here, my child!"
DSCHELADEDDIN.

6 January. Our lot is greater than ourselves, and gives to our souls a worth they would not else have dared to claim. Hence, the humbleness there always is in Christian dignity. The immortal lot infinitely transcends our poor deserts; how we are to grow into the proportions of so high a life, it is wonderful to think. And yet, though it be above us always, — nay, even *because* it is above us, — there is something in it true and answering to our nature still; so that, having once lived with it, we are only half ourselves — and that the meaner half — without it. JAMES MARTINEAU.

No true man can live a half life when he has genuinely learned that it is only a half life. The other half, the higher half, must haunt him.
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

7 January. It is the one sufficient proof of the grandeur and awfulness of our nature,

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that we have faith in God: for no merely finite being can possibly believe the infinite.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind,
That Thou to him so great respect dost bear?
That Thou adornest him with so bright a mind,
Makest him a king, and even an angel's peer?

Thou leavest Thy print in other works of thine;
But Thy whole image Thou in man hast writ:
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like Thee, it should be infinite.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

8 January. If I were to construct one all-embracing argument for immortality, and were I to put it into one word, it would be GOD.

T. T. MUNGER.

Yes! in my spirit doth Thy Spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
In Thee I live and breathe, aspiring high,
Even to the Throne of Thy Divinity:
I am, O God, and surely Thou must be!

DERZHAVIN.

9 January. When Christ showed us God, then man had only to stand at his highest and look up to the Infinite above him to see how small he was. And, always, the true way to be humble is not to stoop till you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature that shall show you what the real smallness of your greatest greatness is. The

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first is the unreal humility that always goes about depreciating human nature; the second is the genuine humility that always stands in love and adoration, glorifying God. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

God is in all that liberates and lifts;
In all that humbles, sweetens, and consoles.
J. R. LOWELL.

10 January. By humility, by self-denial, by unworldliness, by spiritual thought, by devout aspiration, by silent communion with God, we grow into an abiding sense of eternal life. "Join thyself," says Augustine, "to the eternal God, and thou wilt be eternal." T. T. MUNGER.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends:
The weight of glory bears him down
Then most, when most his soul ascends:
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility. JAMES MONTGOMERY.

11 January. Let us be men with men, and always children before God; for in His eyes we are but children. Old age itself, in the presence of eternity, is but the first moment of a morning. JOUBERT.

Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires:
The struggle of the instinct that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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12 January. The unworldly Christian, if he has the true mettle of a great life in him, never looks away from the things of time, but looks only the more piercingly into them and through them. He does not expect to find God beyond them, but in them, and by means of them. O these grand, unworldly souls, how majestic their aspirations, how solid their objects, how firm their sense of God! They live in the present as a kind of eternity, never sick of it, and never wanting more, but only what this signifies.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

To live, *to live*, is life's great joy, — to feel
The living God within, — to look abroad,
And, in the beauty that all things reveal,
Still meet the living God. ROBERT LEIGHTON.

13 January. The place of a man before the pure, all-witnessing Spirit of God, and in the estimation of those who are heavenly-minded, determines his place in the world. All true relations are eternal. P. C. MOZOOMDAR.

'T is the sublime of man,
Our noontide majesty, to know ourselves
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole!
This fraternizes man; this constitutes
Our charities and bearings. But 't is God
Diffused through all, that doth make all one whole.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

14 January. The love of God is the love

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of goodness. The old Saxon word God is identical with Good: God the Good One — personified goodness. There is in that derivation not a mere play of words — there is deep truth. None loves God but he who loves good.

F. W. Robertson.

Souls that of His own good life partake,
He loves as His own self; dear as His eye
They are to Him: He 'll never them forsake:
When they shall die, then God Himself shall die:
They live, they live in blest eternity.

Henry More.

15 January. If you always remember that in all you do in soul or body, God stands by as a witness, in all your prayers and your actions you will not err; and you shall have God dwelling with you. Epictetus.

O Thou, who in the inaccessible depths
Dwellest, of all central Being, and of whom
We can see but the star-dust of Thy feet
Left on heaven's roads; — from world nathless to world,
From firmament to firmament can we trace,
Each soul, his individual link with Thee!

P. J. Bailey.

16 January. For God made our individuality as well as our dependence; made our *apartness* from Himself, that freedom should bind us divinely dearer to Himself, with a new and in-

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scrutable marvel of love: for the Godhead is still at the root, is the making root of our individuality; and the freer the man, the stronger the bond that binds him to Him who made his freedom. He made our wills, and is striving to make them free; for only in the perfection of our individuality and the freedom of our wills can we be altogether His children. GEORGE MACDONALD.

17 January. Every man who has a Christian ideal of life finds, as it grows into his experience, that he is driven in upon his own soul more and more imperatively. Secret resources become more and more necessary to him. Conceptions of truth grow up within him which the soul must develop alone.

Men who are not cynics often live, by force of nature, apart from their equals. They do their life's work better alone than they could with human help. Such men must meet Christ in the "solitary places." They have no adequate resources elsewhere. AUSTIN PHELPS.

Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on Thee,
With the service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see;—
The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so. A. L. WARING.

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18 January.

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart;
Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow,
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

And well it is for us our God should feel
Alone our secret throbbings: so our prayer
May readier spring to heaven, nor spend its zeal
On cloud-born idols of this lower air. KEBLE.

19 January. What we want to make us true men, over and above that which we bring into the world with us, is some sort of God-given instinct, motive, and new principle of life in us, which shall make us not only see the right and the true and the noble, but love it, and give up our wills and hearts to it, and find in the confession of our weakness a strength, in the subjection of our own wills a freedom, in the utter carelessness about self a self-respect, such as we have never known before. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss;
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet Will! F. W. FABER.

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20 January. Selfishness is the direct antagonist to the sense of the Infinite. The former cramps us within our own miserable body; the latter spreads one abroad through the universe.

F. W. NEWMAN.

All the doors that lead inward to the secret place of the Most High, are doors outward — out of self — out of smallness — out of wrong.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

21 January. Nothing is eternal but that which is done for God and others. That which is done for self dies. Perhaps it is not wrong, but it perishes. That which ends in self is mortal; that alone which goes out of self into God lasts forever.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

O brooding Spirit of Wisdom and of Love,
Whose mighty wings even now o'ershadow me,
Absorb me in Thine own immensity,
And raise me far my finite self above!
Let no desire of ease,
No lack of courage, faith, or love delay
Mine own steps on that high, thought-paven way
In which my soul her clear commission sees!
Yet with an equal joy let me behold
Thy chariot o'er that way by others rolled!

W. R. HAMILTON.

22 January. God is infinite and without end; but the soul's desire is an abyss which cannot be filled except by a Good which is infinite.

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God is a Good without drawback, and a well of living water without bottom; and the soul is made in the image of God, and is therefore created to know and love God. JOHN TAULER.

From Thee is all that soothes the life of man,—
His high endeavor, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But oh, Thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all Thy gifts Thyself the crown!
Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,
And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.
COWPER.

23 January. In our outward occupations let us be more occupied with God than with all else. To do them well, we must do them in His presence and for His sake. At the sight of the majesty of God, calmness and serenity should possess the soul. A word from the Lord stilled the raging of the sea, and a glance from Him to us, and from us to Him, should still do the same in our daily life. FÉNELON.

I sit within my room and joy to find
That Thou, who always lovest, art with me here;
That I am never left by Thee behind,
But by Thyself Thou keepest me ever near.
The fire burns brighter when with Thee I look,
And seems a kinder servant sent to me:
With gladder eyes I read Thy holy book,
Because Thou art the eyes by which I see.
JONES VERY.

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24 January. There is a darkness that comes of effulgence; and the most veiling of all veils is the light. That for which the eye exists is light, but *through* light no human eye can pierce. I find myself beyond my depth. I am ever beyond my depth, afloat in an infinite sea; but the depth of the sea knows me, for the ocean of my being is God. GEORGE MACDONALD.

Yea! in Thy life our little lives are ended;
Into Thy depths our trembling spirits fall;
In Thee enfolded, gathered, comprehended,
As holds the sea her waves — Thou holdest us all. ELIZA SCUDDER.

25 January. The mystery of light is the privilege and the prerogative of the profoundest things. The shallow things are capable only of the mystery of darkness. Nothing is so thin, so light, so small, that if you cover it with clouds and hide it in half-lights, it will not seem mysterious. But the most genuine and profound things you may bring forth into the fullest light, and let the sunshine bathe them through and through, and in them will open ever new wonders of mysteriousness. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

What heart can comprehend Thy name,
Or, searching, find Thee out,
Who art within a quickening Flame,
A Presence round about?

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O sweeter than all else besides,
The tender mystery
That like a veil of shadow hides
The Light I may not see!

F. L. Hosmer.

26 January. Sweep away the illusions of time; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving cause to the far-distant Mover! — Then sawest thou that this fair universe, were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God; that through every star, through every grass-blade, and most through every living soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise, hides Him from the foolish. Thomas Carlyle.

Crystal the pavement
Seen through the stream;
Firm the reality
Under the dream:
We may not feel it;
Still we may mend;
How we have conquered
Not known till the end.

Henry Alford.

27 January. Among the children of God, while there is always that fearful and bowed apprehension of His majesty, and that sacred dread of all offense to Him, which is called the fear of God, yet of real and essential fear there is not any, but clinging of confidence to Him as their

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Rock, Fortress, and Deliverer, and perfect love, and casting out of fear; so that it is not possible that while the mind is rightly bent on Him there should be any dread of anything either earthly or supernatural; and the more dreadful seems the height of His majesty, the less fear they feel that dwell in the shadow of it.

JOHN RUSKIN.

28 January. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all.

R. W. EMERSON.

Well, I have had my turn, have been
  Raised from the darkness of the clod,
And for a glorious moment seen
  The brightness of the skirts of God;
And known the light within my breast,
  Though wavering oftentimes, and dim, —
The power, the will, that never rest,
  And cannot die, — were all from Him.

W. C. BRYANT.

29 January. Christ came to bring man's spirit into immediate contact with God's Spirit; to sweep away everything intermediate. In lonely union, face to face, man's spirit and God's Spirit must come together. It is a grand thought. Aspire to this! Aspire to greatness, goodness! So let your spirit mingle with the Spirit of the Everlasting.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

There is in heaven a light, whose goodly shine
Makes the Creator visible to all

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Created, that in seeing Him alone
Have peace: and in its circuit spreads so far
That the circumference, with enlarging zone
Doth girdle in the worlds. DANTE.

30 January. Behold, He who hid Himself in darkness has come forth into the region which our most dear affections and our loftiest thoughts keep forever flooded with brightness. He is our Father, our Brother, our Inspiring Friend, — Father, Brother, Friend! These are words of light. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Oh Light, so white and pure,
Oft-clouded, and yet sure!
What matter by what Name
We call Thee, — still art Thou the same, —
God call we Thee, or Good.
When now our day of life draws to its end,
Looking, with less of awe and more of love,
To Thy high throne above,
We see no dazzling brightness as of old,
No kingly splendors cold,
But the sweet Presence of a heavenly Friend.
LEWIS MORRIS.

31 January.

We hear Thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide field of air;
The waves obey Thy dread control, —
But still Thou art not there! —
Where shall I find Him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

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Oh, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There does His Spirit rest.
Oh come, Thou Presence Infinite,
And make thy creature blest! CONDER.

Glory about thee, within thee; and thou fulfillest thy doom,
Making Him broken gleams and a stifled splendor and gloom.
Speak to Him, then, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet:
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet. TENNYSON.

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SECOND MONTH.

In February, the bare boughs of the elms have a pathetic look, stretching up towards the gray, unresponsive sky. Yet they seem to know it to be the same sky through which the summer sunshine melted into every fibre, winning forth delicate bud and luxuriant leafage, the same sky through which came to them the music of the west wind and the singing of birds.

Now their innumerable little twigs reach out and upward, like beseeching fingers, numb with cold; as if from the heart of the tree arose a silent prayer for warmth and light. But the sky gives no answer, except by the rough voice of the North Wind, that chills back the shivering germs into their cells. The great boughs groan, shaken by the gale, and all the branches shudder and sway in the bitter air.

But they never withdraw their patient appeal, however tossed about and repulsed. For summer is there, within the sky, and these fierce winds are her messengers, most friendly to the tree's growth, stirring its stagnant juices, and making it strong through resistance, for its wonderful future life. The heart of heaven is warm, behind her chilling breath, and the awaited blessing will surely come.

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And the toil of the tree goes on with her prayer. Even in the midst of her struggle with the elements, the sap is steadily carried up from root to remotest branch, ready for earliest use. Natural creations as well as spiritual, work out their own salvation with fear and trembling, obeying the Invisible Power that is at work within them.

FEBRUARY.

OUR WORK.

1 February. The God of the Bible and the God of the Universe, I now divine afar off, may be known as One. But I am sure that to know Him at all, except by guess, I must resolve to do my work within His world, rather than to speculate about Him. JOHN STERLING.

I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty.
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream shall be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

MRS. HOOPER.

2 February. To be at work, to do things for the world, to turn the currents of the things about us at our will, to make our existence a positive element, even though it be no bigger

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than a grain of sand, in this great system where we live, — that is a new joy of which the idle man knows no more than the mole knows of the sunshine, or the serpent of the eagle's triumphant flight into the upper air. The man who knows indeed what it is to act, to work, cries out, "This, this alone is to live!" PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Was it right,
While my unnumbered brethren toiled and bled,
That I should dream away the intrusted hours
On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
With feelings all too delicate for use?
S. T. COLERIDGE.

3 February. Hold fast by the present! Every situation — nay, every moment — is of infinite value, for it is the representative of a whole eternity. GOETHE.

Even the wisest are long in learning that there is no better work for them than the bit God puts into their hands. EDWARD GARRETT.

Better to stem with heart and hand
The roaring tide of life, than lie
Unmindful, on its flowery strand,
Of God's occasions drifting by.
J. G. WHITTIER.

4 February. The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest,

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— here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free!

T. CARLYLE.

No man is born into the world, whose work
Is not born with him. There is always work
And tools to work withal, for those who will:
And blesséd are the horny hands of toil.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

5 February. I cannot but think that one of the truest ways in which Christianity has made humility at once a commoner and a nobler grace, has been in the way it has furnished work for the higher powers of man, which used to be idle and only ponder proudly on themselves.

Idleness standing in the midst of unattempted tasks is always proud. Work is always tending to humility. Work touches the keys of endless activity, opens the infinite, and stands awe-struck before the immensity of what there is to do.

I am sure we all know the fine, calm, sober humbleness of men who have tried themselves against the tasks of life. It was great in Paul, and in Luther, and in Cromwell. It is something that never comes into the character, never shows in the face of a man who has never worked.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

6 February.

Oh, labor truly blest!
Thou rulest all the race:
Over all the toiling earth I see thy gracious face
Stand forth confest.

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Where most thou art,
Man rises upward to a loftier height
And views the earth and heavens with clearer sight,
And holds a cleaner heart. LEWIS MORRIS.

There is no work so small, no art so mean, but it all comes from God, and is a special gift from Him. If, when at thy work, thou feel thy spirit stirred within thee, receive it with solemn joy, and thus learn to do thy work in God, instead of straightway fleeing from thy task. JOHN TAULER.

7 February. It is no man's business whether he has genius or not: work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will always be the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best. If he be a great man, they will be great things; if a small man, small things; but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right.

JOHN RUSKIN.

But to the spirit elect there is no choice;
He cannot say, This will I do, or that:
A hand is stretched to him from out the dark,
Which grasping without question, he is led
Where there is work that he must do for God.

J. R. LOWELL.

8 February. Man, it is not thy works — which are mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least — but only the spirit thou workest in, that can have continuance.

T. CARLYLE.

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Be sure, no earnest work
Of any honest creature, howbeit weak,
Imperfect, ill-adapted, fails so much
It is not gathered as a grain of sand
To enlarge the sum of human action used
For carrying out God's end.
I count that heaven itself is only work
To a surer issue.
Let us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it 's little. MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

9 February. Every man's business, whatever it be, becomes a liberal education to him just as soon and just as far as he lives not in its methods but in its principles. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The smallest things become great when God requires them of us: they are small only in themselves: they are always great when they are done for God, and when they serve to unite us with Him eternally. FÉNELON.

All may of Thee partake:
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture — FOR THY SAKE,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room as by Thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.
GEORGE HERBERT.

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10 February. A Christian should never plead spirituality for being a sloven. If he be but a shoe-cleaner, he should be the best in the parish. JOHN NEWTON.

This world has work for us; we must refuse
No honest task, no uncongenial toil.
Fear not your feet to tire, nor robe to soil;
Nor let your hands grow white for want of use!
T. ASHE.

11 February. If two angels were sent from heaven to execute a divine command, one to conduct an empire, and another to sweep a street in it, they would feel no inclination to change employments. JOHN NEWTON.

You and I, toiling for earth, may toil also for heaven; and every day's work may be a Jacob's ladder reaching up nearer to our God.
THEODORE PARKER.

Like the star
That shines afar,
Without haste
And without rest
Let each man wheel with steady sway
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best! GOETHE.

12 February. It is right that we should have an aim of our own, with something peculiar in it, determined by our individuality and our surroundings; but this may readily degenerate

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into exclusive narrowness, unless it has for a background the great thought that there is a Kingdom of God within us, around us, and above us, in which we, with all our powers and aims, are called to be conscious workers. 'Towards the forwarding of this silent, ever-advancing kingdom, our little work, whatever it be, if good and true, may contribute something.' And this thought lends to any calling, however lowly, a consecration which is wanting even to the loftiest self-chosen ideals. J. C. SHAIRP.

I would not be
A worker for mine own bread, or one hired
For mine own profit. Oh, I would be free
To work for others; Love so earned of them
Should be my wages and my diadem.
JEAN INGELOW.

13 February. It seems as if the heroes had done almost all for the world that they can do, and not much more can come till common men awake and take their common tasks. I do believe the common man's task is the hardest. The hero has the hero's aspiration that lifts him to his labor. All great duties are easier than the little ones, though they cost far more blood and agony. That is a truth we all find out.
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Art little? Do thy little well, and for thy comfort know
Great men can do their greatest work no better than just so. GOETHE.

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14 February.

The primal duties shine aloft, like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.
The generous inclination, the just rule,
Kind wishes and good actions and pure thoughts,
No mystery is here, no special boon
For high and not for low. WORDSWORTH.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly:
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly:
Labor! all labor is noble and holy:
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God!
FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

15 February. Let the children of labor remember that they are of the class which He of Nazareth dignified; that, peradventure, in His youthful days of mechanic toil, He too was looked down upon by the coarse eye of sheer power, — and yet He nurtured, amid indignities and neglect, the spirit that made Him divinely wise.
JAMES MARTINEAU.

And rugged toil no more shall bear
The burden of old crime, or mark of primal shame:
A blessing now, — a curse no more;
Since He whose name we breathe with awe,
The coarse mechanic vesture wore, —
A poor man toiling with the poor,
In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law.
J. G. WHITTIER.

16 February. Out of the common stones of

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your daily work you may build yourself a temple which shall shelter your head from all harm, and bring down on you the inspiration of God.

THEODORE PARKER.

What though unmarked the happy workman toil,
And break, unthanked of men, the stubborn clod:
It is enough, for sacred is the soil,
Dear are the hills of God. JEAN INGELOW.

17 February. The advent of better times for the working-classes depends on their own personal reformation, chastity, sobriety, and self-control. It will be said, "Is this your message to the poor — this severe, heartless message?"

Yes, even so; the laws of the universe are very stern, alter them you cannot. It would be far more easy, far more palatable to lay the blame on their oppressors rather than on them; the only objection to such a course is the stern unalterable law of God's universe. The law of life is this: (No one can be good, or great, or happy, except through inward efforts of his own, sustained by faith, and strengthened by the grace of God.) The message of the Baptist must be repeated: "Change yourselves, or to you at least no kingdom of God can come." F. W. ROBERTSON.

18 February. Is it not true that a man's heart can really be only in the heart of his work, and that the most conscientious faithfulness in details will always belong to the man, not who

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serves the details, but who serves the idea of the work which he has to do? PHILLIPS BROOKS.

On bravely through the sunshine and the showers!
Time hath his work to do, and we have ours.
R. W. EMERSON.

19 February. A great, growing, grandly unfolding soul can be fashioned anywhere, if only God is with him; and his faculty, it may be, will be completing itself as truly in one employment as in another. His heart will grow as big, his imagination kindle itself in fires to him of as great beauty, he will be as original, as deep, as free, and will swing his nature into as high force every way, in using a hammer as in using a pen.

God nowhere allows what we so constantly assume, that souls are kept back from their completeness by their trades, and grades, and employments. He is going to complete them all, if they will suffer it, in the highest and most perfect form of being possible. H. BUSHNELL.

20 February.

I would not ask Thee that my work
Should never bring me pain or fear,
Lest I should learn to work alone,
And never wish Thy presence near.

But I would ask a humble heart,
A changeless will to work and wake,
A firm faith in Thy providence:
The rest — 't is Thine to give or take.
ALFRED NORRIS.

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21 February. This, then, is the great truth of Christ. The treasury of life, your life and mine, the life of every man and every woman, however different they are from one another, they are all in Him. In Him there is the perfectness of every occupation: the perfect trading, the perfect housekeeping, the perfect handicraft, the perfect school-teaching, they are all in Him. In Him lay the completeness of that incomplete act which you did yesterday. In Him lay the possible holiness of that which you made actual sin.

To go to Him and get the perfect idea of life and of every action of life, and then to go forth and by His strength fulfill it, — that is the New Testament conception of a strong, successful life. How simple and how glorious it is!

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

22 February.

They find their glory in their task,
  Their gladness in their care:
What grace, what glory, need they ask,
  Who of Thy household are?

No weariness o'ercomes their feet;
  For Thee they go and come:
Their painful pilgrimage how sweet!
  Still, still they are at home.

Lord, may I call this bliss my own, —
  This nearness sweet to Thee?
May I, poor weakling wanderer lone,
  Of Thine own household be?

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For Thee my hands would toil; for Thee
My feet would go and come:
Still of Thy household I would be
On earth, in heaven at home.

T. H. GILL.

23 February. Make use even of those times in the day when you are only partially occupied with external things to occupy yourself inwardly with God; for instance, while doing needlework, maintain a close sense of the presence of God. The thought of His presence is less easily preserved in conversation, but even then you can frequently recall a general consciousness of it, overruling your every word. FÉNELON.

Lo! amid the press,
The whirl and hum and pressure of my day,
I hear Thy garment's sweep, Thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern Thy gracious form, not far away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless.

The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see
Only the glancing needle which they hold,
But all my life is blossoming inwardly,
And every breath is like a litany;
While through each labor, like a thread of gold,
Is woven the sweet consciousness of Thee!

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

24 February. There is no service like his that serves because he loves. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

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And deign, O Watcher, with the sleepless brow,
Pathetic in its yearning, — deign reply:
Is there, oh, is there aught that such as Thou
Wouldst take from such as I?

Are there no briers across Thy pathway thrust,
Are there no thorns that compass it about,
Nor any stones that Thou wilt deign to trust
My hands to gather out? JEAN INGELOW.

25 February. In most of the relations of life we find it a tough lesson — yet we are far the more robust for learning it — to be content to do good for the doing of it only. One has achieved heroic self-conquest when one's habit of mind takes it as a thing of course that the best life is to be one of unthanked self-denial. That is a discovery which we all have to make, in the economics of beneficence, if we have any persistent plan of unselfish living. AUSTIN PHELPS.

Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make weary,
The heart they have saddened, the life they leave dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the Spirit
Echo, "He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit!" OWEN MEREDITH.

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26 February.

Spirits are not finely touched,
But to fine issues. SHAKESPEARE.

God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,
To wrestle, not to reign. MRS. BROWNING.

God doth not need
Either man's works or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
They also serve who only stand and wait.
JOHN MILTON.

27 February. Every great work is endless: we can never accomplish it perfectly. The Son of God, when called away, found the world far away from the kingdom of heaven He came to establish. For what He accomplished He glorified God: for what He could not accomplish, He looked up in trust to the Holy Spirit to accomplish when He was gone. P. C. MOZOOMDAR.

We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws
To which the triumph of all good is given, —
High sacrifice, and labor without pause
Even to the death! else, wherefore should the eye
Of man converse with immortality? WORDSWORTH.

28 February.

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

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'T is the brook's motion,
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

'T is loving and serving
The highest and best:
'T is onward, unswerving! —
And that is true rest. J. S. DWIGHT.

29 February. For the reward is not repose, but fresh work, a larger sphere of usefulness and influence. The command over ten cities is given to the man whose pound had grown to ten pounds; the command of five cities to the man whose pound had grown to five pounds. The faculty of doing good, by an eternal law, is multiplied and magnified according to the use which is made of it. F. D. MAURICE.

Belovèd, let us love so well
Our work shall still be better for our love,
And still our love be sweeter for our work!
MRS. BROWNING.

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SPRING.

No matter what the almanac may say,
The year begins with the first month of spring,
When snowdrifts into rivulets slip away,
And bluebirds of the coming violet sing;

When March winds sweep the stairway of the rocks
From rubbish-heaps of autumn leafage clear,
And the sun turns back from the equinox
To welcome and lead home the baby year.

The baby's name is Spring. Around her feet
Quaint ferns their scrolls unroll, and mosses rare
With coral fairy-cups steal down to meet
Her winsome footsteps on the woodland stair.

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THIRD MONTH.

THERE comes a season — we hardly know whether it is winter or spring — after Earth is unclothed of her white cerements, but while she is not yet clothed upon with her May radiance and freshness, when the air seems stirred with mighty prophecies. We can almost imagine that the seed and the rootlet sleeping beneath the sod hear the voices that call to them from above. The March wind is the archangel's trumpet of the flowers, bidding them arise and live.

Ah! could we but hear and understand the grander prophet-cry that resounds over our sleeping powers, every one of which was meant to bless the earth by its bloom; could we open our ears to the tenderness hidden in the stern blast that disturbs, though it does not always arouse us, we should be fitter inhabitants of God's earth and heaven. But we can slumber on, we can let our best impulses die within us, we can be perversely deaf to the loudest call out of the heaven so close above us, we can make ourselves believe that this call is only a voice heard in a dream, and that the earth where we drowse is all; and this, alas! we do too willingly.

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But the great, summoning angels sent from God make a vast unrest in the air of the world for us who know ourselves heirs of the life and immortality which Christ has brought to light. May the lofty music of that "Awake, O sleeper!" sound on until we hear!

MARCH.

OUR NEIGHBOR.

1 March. That habit of the old painters of introducing portrait into all their highest works I look to, not as error in them, but as the very source and root of their superiority in all things; for they were too great and too humble not to see in every face about them that which was above them, and which no fancies of theirs could match or take place of. JOHN RUSKIN.

We live by admiration, hope, and love;
And even as these are well and wisely fixed,
In dignity of being we ascend. WORDSWORTH.

2 March. Every individual nature has its own beauty. There is no face, no form, which one cannot in fancy associate with great power of intellect or with generosity of soul. Every face, every figure, suggests its own right and sound estate. Our friends are not their own highest form.

We see on the lip of our companion the pres-

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ence or absence of the great masters of thought and poetry to his mind. We read on his brow, on meeting him after many years, that he is where we left him, or that he has made great strides. R. W. Emerson.

How little thou canst tell
How much in thee is ill or well!
Nor for thy neighbor nor for thee,
Be sure, was life designed to be
A draught of dull complacency.
Arthur Hugh Clough.

3 March. If not by sympathy discovered, it is not in words explicable with what divine lines and lights the exercise of godliness and charity will mould and gild the hardest and coldest countenance, neither to what darkness their departure will consign the loveliest. John Ruskin.

In the yearning tenderness of a child
For every bird that sings above his head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree, and flower, and running brook,
We see how everything was made to love,
And how they err who, in a world like this,
Find anything to hate but human pride.
N. P. Willis.

4 March. When we believe that God is the common Father, and that all men and all things which He has made are dear to Him when we think that He is near to every one of us, and that in Him we live and move and have our

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being, then we cannot count any man or any thing common or unclean. We believe that there is a divine element in each man and each object, and our constant effort must be to draw out this divine element. W. H. Freemantle.

You must, for wisdom, for sanity, have some access to the mind and heart of the common humanity. The exclusive excludes himself.
R. W. Emerson.

5 March. Poor and shallow as one's own soul is, it is blessed to think that a sort of transubstantiation is possible by which the greater ones can live in us. Egotism apart, another's greatness, beauty, or bliss is one's own. And let us sing a *Magnificat* when we are conscious that this power of expansion and sympathy is growing just in proportion as the individual satisfactions are lessening. Miserable dust of the earth we are, but it is worth while to be so for the sake of the living soul, — the breath of God within us. George Eliot.

6 March. What is meant by *our neighbor* we cannot doubt; it is every one with whom we are brought into contact, he or she, whosoever it be, whom we have any means of helping.
Dean Stanley.

Man is God's image; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot. George Herbert.

Give human nature reverence for the sake
Of One who bore it, making it divine

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With the ineffable tenderness of God!
Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,
The heirship of an unknown destiny,
The unsolved mystery round about us, make
A man more precious than the gold of Ophir!

J. G. WHITTIER.

7 March. Men will never be joined in true brotherhood by mere plans to give them a self-interest in common. To feel for each other they must first feel *with* each other. They must have, not one object of gain, but an object of admiration in common. To know that they are brothers, they must feel that they have one Father.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Since Enoch, other men have walked with God;
Not Abraham only has He called His friend;
But men who have our dusty highways trod,
Whose hands we touch, with whose our voices blend.

His friends will know His friends. How much we miss,
Shutting Him out of our heart's holy place —
Not recognizing every soul as His —
Not seeing Him in every human face!

8 March. I am certain that it is impossible to keep the law towards one's neighbor except one loves him. The law itself is infinite, reaching to such delicacies of action that the man who tries most will be the man most aware of defeat. We are not made for law, but for love. Love is law, because it is infinitely more than law.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

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Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw;
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal and woe.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give:
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

HARRIET W. SEWALL.

9 March. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behavior, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. It is good to give a stranger a meal or a night's lodging. It is better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion.

R. W. EMERSON.

The meal unshared is food unblest:
Thou hoard'st in vain what love should spend.
Self-ease is pain; thy only rest
Is labor for a worthy end.

J. G. WHITTIER.

10 March. If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress.

If there be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the death-bed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of evil.

LACON.

Man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life

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When they can know and feel that they have
been
Themselves the fathers and the dealers-out
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such
As needed kindness,—for this single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.

WORDSWORTH.

11 March. To understand any man, we must have sympathy for him, even affection. No intellectual acuteness, no amount even of pity for his errors, will enable us to see the man from within, and put our own souls into the place of his soul. To do that, one must have passed more or less through his temptations, doubts, hunger of heart and brain. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize. A. L. WARING.

12 March. The tale of the Divine Pity was never yet believed from lips that were not felt to be moved by human pity. GEORGE ELIOT.

"Ask God to give thee skill
In comfort's art,
That thou mayest consecrated be,
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy!

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For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart;
And comforters are needed much,
Of Christ-like touch. A. E. HAMILTON.

13 March. The more we believe in a Christ who is the divine type, the root, the holder together of all the creation and of all human nature, the more certain we feel that, in holding to truth and love where they are found, men are holding to Christ Himself. By unbelievers this might be doubted; but by believers in Christ it must be held true. And this enables us to embrace (whether they respond to the embrace or not) all who have a sympathy with goodness, even in its simplest elements. W. H. FREEMANTLE.

But heaven and earth have been
More near, since earth hath seen
Its God walk earth as Man, since heaven hath shown
A Man upon its throne:
The street and market-place
Grow holy ground; each face —
Pale faces, marked with care,
Dark, toil-worn brows — grows fair.
King's children are these all: though want and sin
Have marred their beauty glorious within,
We may not pass them but with reverent eye.
DORA GREENWELL.

14 March. How can the Son of Man be

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acknowledged, how can the King of men be seen in Him who humbled Himself to the lowest estate, if the rich man does not feel himself on a level with the poorest, if his humanity is not that which is most precious to him?

To be saved from this self-exaltation, this inhumanity, is indeed impossible by any efforts of men, by any precepts of men, by any conventions of society. But God, who has appointed riches for men, who has intended that one man should have what another is without, who has organized society on the law of mutual dependency and charity, does not leave rich men, any more than poor men, to be the victims of their circumstances. He awakens a hunger and thirst in them which nothing but His righteousness will appease. By a thousand methods of gracious discipline He makes them feel that the sorrows which cause the beggar's heart to ache are those which cause the rich man's heart to ache; that the sky and the air which they and the poorest share together are more than what they possess and the other wants; that God is the peasant's God as well as theirs. F. D. Maurice.

15 March. How greatly the value of a gift depends upon the manner of giving! "He who gives soon," according to the old proverb, "gives twice." So he who gives with simplicity, that is, with singleness of purpose, without an underhand design, without expecting praise or notice, he gives twice, thrice, a hundredfold, more than he

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who gives grudgingly, than he who gives late, than he who gives ostentatiously. One gift well given is as good as a thousand; a thousand gifts ill given are hardly better than none.

DEAN STANLEY.

Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's eye
Drops on the cheek of one he lifts from earth:
And he that works me good with unmoved face
Does it but half; he chills me while he aids;
My benefactor, not my brother man!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

16 March. *Only* the man who gives, hoping for nothing again, who gives freely, without calculation, out of the fullness of his heart, ever can find his love returned to him. He may win hatred as well as love; but love does come in measures he could never dream of. We see it every day; and every day, perhaps, we may be disappointed at finding some favors which we thought were well laid out bringing back no recompense. They were bestowed with the hope of something again. F. D. MAURICE.

Give, as the morning that flows out of heaven!
Give, as the waves when their channel is riven!
Give, as the free air and sunshine are given!
Lavishly, utterly, carelessly, give!
Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live!

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

17 March. How easy it is to show mercy in such a way that it will be no mercy, and how truly has the apostle laid his hand on the exact

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quality which causes kindness to be really kind and mercy really merciful! Not tenderness, not generosity, no; but something we can all command, *cheerfulness*. A bright smile, a beaming countenance, a playful word, these find an entrance into the closed heart, and raise the downcast eye, and bless him that gives and him that takes. DEAN STANLEY.

"We might all of us give far more than we do,
without being a bit the worse:
It was never yet loving that emptied the heart,
nor giving that emptied the purse.
We must be like the woman our Saviour praised,
and do but the best we can."
"Ay, that 'll be just the plan, neighbor, that 'll
be just the plan." DORA GREENWELL.

18 March. But why need instances be multiplied to confirm what all experience proves, that every generous and exalted life blesses — who shall say how greatly? — not only through direct effort, but simply by being what it is? Just as a selfish and contracted nature makes all shrink and narrow up with which it comes in contact, so does a free and bountiful spirit expand and quicken all it meets with; it touches more points than it is itself aware of, and is forever widening its circle of benediction, and drawing within it some fresh and warm interest. Who shall tell where the warmth and radiance a generous heart casts round it stops? We may as

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well try to measure a sunbeam, or to mark the place it falls on. The best blessing lies,

"Not in that which we give, but that which we share;
For the gift without the giver is bare."

DORA GREENWELL.

19 March.

Small service is true service while it lasts.
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

WORDSWORTH.

The least flower, with a brimming cup, may stand
And share its dewdrop with another near.

MRS. BROWNING.

20 March. A man is a poor limitary benefactor. He ought to be a shower of benefits, — a great influence, which should never let his brother go, but should refresh old merits continually with new ones: so that, though absent, he should never be out of my mind, his name never far from my lips; but if the earth should open at my side, or my last hour were come, his name should be the prayer I should utter to the universe.

R. W. EMERSON.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still, —
Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

GEORGE HERBERT.

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21 March. Where thought and love are active — thought the formative power, love the vitalizing — there can be no sadness. They are in themselves a more intense and extended participation of a divine existence. As they grow, the highest species of faith grows too, and all things are possible. GEORGE ELIOT.

Faith shares the future's promise; Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.
J. G. WHITTIER.

22 March. As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations that he may rise, but shines at once, and is greeted by all; so neither wait thou for applause, and shouts, and eulogies, that thou mayest do well, but be a spontaneous benefactor, and thou shalt be beloved like the sun. EPICTETUS.

It is not what the best men do, but what they are, that constitutes their truest benefaction to their fellow-men. Certainly, in our own little sphere, it is not the most active people to whom we owe the most. Among the common people whom we know, it is not necessarily those who are busiest, not those who, meteor-like, are ever on the rush after some visible change and work. It is the lives like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look, and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage.
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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23 March. The principle is, that God is the ungrudging bestower of blessings, and that men are His stewards to distribute these blessings. So far as they enter into His mind, the delight will be in spreading abroad, not in accumulating. Their reward will be a continually growing knowledge of His character and purposes. Their treasure will be in whatever things are good, pure, true; their heart will be occupied with these. F. D. Maurice.

Then draw we nearer, day by day,
Each to his brethren, all to God:
Let the world take us as she may,
We must not change our road. Keble.

24 March. The region of man's life is a spiritual region. God, his friends, his neighbors, his brothers all, is the wide world in which alone his spirit can find room. Himself is his dungeon. His life is not in knowing that he lives, but in loving all forms of life. George MacDonald.

I have unlearned contempt.
Oh, if there is one law above the rest
Written in reason, — if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsunned temper of a child, —
If there is anything that keeps the mind
Open to angel-visits, and repels
The ministry of ill, 't is human love!
God has made nothing worthy of contempt.
N. P. Willis.

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25 March. The right Christian mind will find its own image wherever it exists; it will seek for what it loves, and draw it out of all dens and caves, and it will believe in its being, often when it cannot see it, and always turn away its eyes from beholding vanity: and so it will lie lovingly over all the faults and rough places of the human heart, as the snow from heaven does over the hard and black and broken mountain-rocks, following their forms truly, and yet catching light for them to make them fair; and that must be a steep and unkindly crag indeed which it cannot cover. JOHN RUSKIN.

Be noble! and the nobleness which lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.
J. R. LOWELL.

26 March. It is not, if we understand it rightly, a sign of decreasing, but of increasing, spirituality that miracles have ceased. And so it is a truer discrimination that recognizes the presence of God in men, the saints that are in the world, not by the miracles they work, but by the miracles they are, — by the way in which they bring the grace of God to bear on the simple duties of the household and the street.

The sainthoods of the fireside and of the market-place, — they wear no glory round their heads; they do their duties in the strength of God; they have their martyrdoms and win their palms; and though they get into no calendars, they leave a

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benediction and a force behind them on the earth when they go up to heaven. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

May I reach
That purest heaven, — be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony, —
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense!
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.
GEORGE ELIOT.

27 March. No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure, and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But some land is gladdened. No star ever rose
Or set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowliest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
OWEN MEREDITH.

28 March. We must advance, as we live on, from what is brilliant to what is pure, and from what is promised to what is fulfilled, and from what is our strength to what is our crown; only observing in all things how that which is

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indeed wrong, and to be cut up from the root, is dislike, and not affection. For by the very nature of these beautiful qualities which I have defined to be the signature of God upon His works it is evident that in whatever we altogether dislike we see not all; that the keenness of our vision is to be tested by the expansiveness of our love.

JOHN RUSKIN.

29 March. A man must not choose his neighbor; he must take the neighbor that God sends him. In him, whoever he be, lies, hidden or revealed, a beautiful brother. Any rough-hewn semblance of humanity will at length be enough to move the man to reverence and affection.

It is harder for some to learn this than for others. There are those whose first impulse is ever to repel, and not to receive. But even these may grow in this grace until a countenance unknown will awaken in them a yearning of affection rising to pain, because there is for it no expression, and they can only give the man to God and be still. GEORGE MACDONALD.

And judge none lost! but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain.
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after-days.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

30 March. It is not for ourselves alone that

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we live and aspire, but by our sympathy we carry others with us. For this, perhaps, is the highest form of influence: not one man doing good to another, but one holding the hand of his brother, as saying, "Let us aspire together, God helping us, towards that which is just and pure and true."

W. H. Freemantle.

To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Shakespeare.

He that feeds men serveth few;
He serves all who dares be true.

R. W. Emerson.

31 March. And then comes that last and most difficult lesson of Love, to make allowance even for the uncharitable. For, surely, below all that uncharitableness which is so common there is often a germ of the life of Love; and beneath that intolerance which may often wound ourselves a loving and a candid eye may discern zeal for God. Earth has not a spectacle more glorious or more fair to show than this: Love tolerating intolerance, — Charity covering as with a veil even the sin of the lack of charity.

F. W. Robertson.

Yet in the eye of life's all-seeing sun
We shall behold a something we have done;
Shall, of the work together we have wrought,
Beyond our aspiration and our thought
Some not unworthy issue yet receive, —
For love is fellow-service, I believe.

Arthur Hugh Clough.

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FOURTH MONTH.

APRIL is the promise-month. Sunshine and breeze and bird invite the hidden life of earth up into the freedom and glory of the air. The buds of arbutus and violet and anemone tremble timidly at the doors of their underground prison, and the grass hardly dares to spread its delicate carpet over the fields.

But heaven will meet the shrinking earth more closely, more persuasively yet. The rain descends from the skies, warm, tender, and fresh. It goes down to the roots of the grateful plant, and, like human sympathy, wins its way into darkness nothing else could penetrate. Now all fragile growing things venture forth, sparkling with light and dew, and are enfolded with rainbows everywhere.

"Come forth and be glad!" a thousand voices are calling. "Fear not the strong sunshine and the keen wind! Come forth into the searching light and the invigorating air, and find your life, the perfect bloom that awaits you!"

And the blessing of this resurrection-time penetrates also human souls with the inmost tenderness of heaven.

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Up, fearlessly, into the sunshine of truth, ye thoughts! for more and more of light awaits, and more and heavenlier life is hid within you than ye have ever dreamed. Up, soul! open your eyes through grateful tears into the wide horizon of faith, and grow, through Him who is the Resurrection and the Life, into and beyond your noblest visions of immortality!

APRIL.

NATURE AND OURSELVES.

1 April. Happy he whose eye may, from dawn to twilight, wander at will to distant horizons! Happy he who sees the meadows grow green in April, who gathers the violet in the valley, who with his own hand both plants and reaps! Happy he who breathes the fresh air of the country! Happy he who works at some healthy out-door work; whose faculties, constantly reinvigorated, apply themselves fully, yet not feverishly, to the task God has assigned them!

MADAME DE GASPARIN.

Whether men sow or reap the fields,
Divine monition Nature yields,
That not by bread alone we live,
Or what a hand of flesh can give;
That every day should leave some part
Free for a sabbath of the heart:
So shall the seventh be truly blest,
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest.

WORDSWORTH.

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2 April. It is the beautiful characteristic of industry that, instead of taking us away from God and things eternal, it takes us directly towards Him, and puts us waiting on the seasons, the soil, the mechanical powers, which are but the faithful bosom of God Himself; and there we hang, year by year, watching for our supplies and the nutriment that feeds our bodies. Our very industry is a kind of physical prayer, and the business itself of our busy life is to watch the gates of blessing He opens to us.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

One lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee!
One lesson which on every wind is blown;
One lesson of two duties kept at one,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity; —
Of toil unsevered from tranquillity;
Of labor that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

3 April. As we travel the way of life, we have the choice, according to our working, of turning all the voices of Nature into one song of rejoicing, and all her lifeless creatures into a glad company, whereof the meanest shall be beautiful in our eyes by its kind message; or of withering and quenching her sympathy into a fearful withdrawn silence of condemnation, or into a crying out of her stones and a shaking off her dust against us.

JOHN RUSKIN.

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O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live;
Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!
From the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud
Enveloping the earth, —
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

S. T. COLERIDGE.

4 April. There is in Nature just as much, or as little, as the soul of each can see in her. And in order to see, the soul must have been trained for it both by habitual converse with the outward world, and also by converse with other regions of being, with other teachers. For other teachers are not less necessary than the beauty which lies in the face of Nature. J. C. SHAIRP.

The soul discerns
A ray of heavenly light, gilding all forms: —
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels His throne upon the rolling worlds.

COWPER.

5 April. The knowledge of nature is a good thing, but it must be studied primarily in its natural and healthy connection with ourselves. With every green tree that surrounds us with its rich leafage, with every shrub on the roadside where we walk, with every grass-blade that bends to the

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breeze in the field through which we pass, we have a natural relationship; they are our true compatriots. The birds that hop from twig to twig in our gardens, that sing in our bowers, are part of ourselves; they speak to us from our earliest years, and we learn to understand their language. GOETHE.

More servants wait on man
Than he 'll take notice of. In every path
He treads down that which doth befriend him
When sickness makes him pale and wan.
O mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

GEORGE HERBERT.

6 April. All about us, in earth and air, wherever eye or ear can reach, there is a power ever breathing itself forth in signs, now in a daisy, now in a wind-waft, a cloud, a sunset, a power that holds constant and sweetest relation with the dark and silent world within us. The same God who is in us, and upon whose tree we are the buds, if not yet the flowers, also is all about us: inside, the Spirit; outside, the Word. GEORGE MACDONALD.

The Lord is in His Holy Place,
In all things near and far!
Shekinah of the snowflake He,
And glory of the star,
And secret of the April land
That stirs the field to flowers,

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Whose little tabernacles rise
To hold Him through the hours.

W. C. Gannett.

7 April. There is nothing strange in our having affinity with the brutes and the herbs, with the rocks and the waves, if we acknowledge one Spirit which works through the whole creation till it culminates in human morality and the cross of Jesus Christ. The perception of this is one of the highest effects of inspiration. It is nothing less than the divine thought inwrought in our minds, the divine order established in our renewed nature, the surest witness that we are made in the image of God, the spiritual mind by which we see each part of the universe in its relation to its centre, and evolving itself under the divine purpose towards complete organization and perfect harmony. W. H. Freemantle.

We are part of an Infinite Scheme,
All we that are;
Man the high crest and crown of things that be;
The fiery-hearted earth, the cold unfathomed sea,
The central sun, the intermittent star:
Things great and small,
We are but parts of the Eternal All.

Lewis Morris.

8 April. Who that hath watched their ways with an understanding heart, could, as the vision evolving still advanced towards him, contemplate the filial and loyal bee; the home-building,

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wedded, and divorceless swallow; and above all the manifoldly intelligent ant-tribes, with their commonwealths and confederacies, their warriors and miners, the husbandfolk that fold in their tiny flocks on the honeyed leaf, and the virgin sisters with the holy instincts of maternal love, detached and in selfless purity — and not say to himself, Behold the shadow of approaching humanity, the sun rising, from behind, in the kindling morn of creation!

Thus all lower natures find their highest good in semblances and seekings of what is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving. And shall man alone stoop?

Well saith the moral poet —

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!"

S. T. Coleridge.

9 April. Insensate things, such as rocks and seas of water, do not grow. Animals and trees grow a little, for a little time, and come to their limit. But the grandest attribute of our created minds, one that belongs to no other finite creature whatever, is that they have the gift of a growth everlasting. Horace Bushnell.

There can be no revelation to stones and trees and stars, nor of the spiritual to the physical. God is a person, and the revelation of God is of a person to and with a person. It thus presumes a ground of communion. Elisha Mulford.

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10 April. The fact of our deriving constant pleasure from whatever is a type or semblance of the Divine attributes, and from nothing but that which is so, is the most glorious of all that can be demonstrated of human nature; it not only sets a great gulf of separation between us and the lower animals, but it seems a promise of a communion ultimately deep, close, and conscious with the Being whose darkened manifestations we here feebly and unthinkingly delight in.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Rejoice! we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake — effect and not receive!
A spark disturbs our clod;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

ROBERT BROWNING.

11 April. The truly scientific man reverences all facts. Is not this one worth his consideration?

The verdict of all ages has pronounced that the exclusively scientific man, he in whom the scientific side is everything, and the spiritual side — that is, heart, conscience, spiritual aspiration — goes for nothing, is but half a man, developed only on one side of his nature, and that not the highest side. If God is to be apprehended at all in a vital way, and not merely as an intellectual abstraction, it must be first from the spiritual side of our being — by the con-

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science, the spirit, the reverence, that is in man — that He is mainly to be approached. This is the centre of the whole matter. J. C. Shairp.

12 April. The more we see into nature and try to represent it, the more ignorant and helpless we find ourselves; until sometimes I wonder whether God might not have made the world so rich and full just to teach His children humility.
George MacDonald.

I but open my eyes, and perfection, no more and no less,
In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod.
And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew
(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too)
The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-complete,
As by each new obeisance of spirit I climb to His feet.
Robert Browning.

13 April. To those who live by faith, everything they see speaks of that future world; the very glories of nature, the sun, moon, and stars, and the richness and the beauty of the earth, are types and figures, witnessing and teaching the invisible things of God. All that we see is destined one day to burst forth into a heavenly

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bloom, and to be transfigured into immortal glory. J. H. NEWMAN.

My Father, each delightful hour
Unveils Thy smiling face :
I gather every glorious flower,
And thank my God of grace.
At home I breathe the quiet air,
I cast my soul abroad ;
I do the work, I lift the prayer,
Still, still my gracious God !
Each step, each look, each thought of mine
My gracious God lets in :
All, all my joys are gifts divine ;
All, all is grace I win ! T. H. GILL.

14 April. Do not study matter for its own sake, but as the countenance of God! Try to extract every line of beauty, every association, every moral reflection, every inexpressible feeling, from it! CHARLES KINGSLEY.

We comprehend the earth only when we have known heaven. Without the spiritual world the material world is a disheartening enigma.
JOUBERT.

Come to me, come to me, O my God!
Come to me everywhere!
Let the trees mean Thee, and the grassy sod,
And the water and the air!
GEORGE MACDONALD.

15 April. For the light of Revelation is not

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contrary to the light of Nature, but the completion of it. It is no more contrary than flame is contrary to heat. Heat within takes fire and blazes when external flame is applied. So the Life of God within is kindled by the Life of God manifested without in Christ.

"As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." Observe, they were the sons of God before, unconsciously. But when they received Christ they got fresh power, they knew themselves God's children, and got strength to live as what they were by right. F. W. ROBERTSON.

O Bearer of the Key
That shuts and opens with a sound so sweet
Its turning in the wards is melody,
All things we move among are incomplete
And vain until we fashion them in Thee!
DORA GREENWELL.

16 April. It is Nature's highest reward to a true, simple, great soul that he gets thus to be a part of herself. THOMAS CARLYLE.

Suppose that thou hast detached thyself from the natural unity; — for thou wast made by nature a part, but now hast cut thyself off: — yet here is the beautiful provision that it is in thy power again to unite thyself. God has allowed this to no other part, — after it has been separated and cut asunder, to come together again.

But consider the goodness with which He has

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privileged man: for He has put it into his power, when he has been separated, to return and to be reunited and to resume his place.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

17 April. A character is a completely fashioned will. NOVALIS.

Our joy and grief consist alike in this:
In knowing what to will and what to do.
But only he whose judgment never strays
Beyond the threshold of the right, learns this.
Nor is it always good to have one's wish:
What seemeth sweet full oft to bitter turns;
Fulfilled desire hath made mine eyes to weep.
Therefore, O reader of these lines, if thou
Wouldst virtuous be, and held by others dear,
Will ever for the power to do aright!

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

18 April. Do you in good earnest aim at dignity of character? By all the treasures of a peaceful mind, by all the charms of an open countenance, I conjure you, O youth, turn away from those who live in the twilight between vice and virtue. Can anything manly proceed from those who for law and light would substitute shapeless feelings, sentiments, impulses, which, as far as they differ from the vital workings in the brute animals, owe the difference to their former connection with the proper virtues of humanity?

Remember that love itself, in its highest earthly bearing, as the ground of the marriage union, becomes love by an inward fiat of the will, by a

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completing and sealing act of moral election, and lays claim to permanence only under the form of duty. S. T. Coleridge.

19 April.

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! — Thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face!
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads.
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens through thee are fresh and strong. Wordsworth.

20 April. The aim which God assigns to us as our highest is indeed the direct reverse of that which we propose to ourselves. He would have us in perpetual conflict; we crave an unbroken peace. He keeps us ever on the march; we pace the green sod by the way with many a sigh for rest. He throws us on a rugged universe; our first care is to make it smooth.

Every way He urges our reluctant will. He grows the thistle and the sedge, but expects us to raise the olive and the corn, having given us strength and skill for such an end.

And after all, in spite of the inertia of their will, men are, in their inmost hearts, on the side of God, rather than their own, in this matter.

James Martineau.

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So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, Thou must,
The youth replies, I can. R. W. EMERSON.

21 April. Thou art not the more holy for being praised, nor the more worthless for being dispraised. What thou art, that thou art; neither by words canst thou be made greater than what thou art in the sight of God.

If thou consider what thou art in thyself, thou wilt not care what men say of thee.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.

We all need resistance to our errors on every side. "Woe unto us when all men speak well of us!" And woe unto us when all men shall give way to us! HENRY MORE.

22 April. He that has energy enough in his constitution to root out a vice, ought to go a little further, and plant a virtue in its place; otherwise he will have his labor to renew. A strong soil that has produced weeds may be made to produce wheat with far less difficulty than it would cost to make it produce nothing. LACON.

Fear to do base, unworthy things is valor;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valor, too. BEN JONSON.

23 April. Our whole life is startlingly moral. There is never an instant's truce between virtue

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and vice. Goodness is the only investment that never fails. H. D. THOREAU.

Things are saturated with the moral law. There is no escape from it. Violets and grass preach it; rain and snow, wind and tides, every change, every cause in nature, is nothing but a disguised missionary. R. W. EMERSON.

24 April. Nothing can work me damage except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault. ST. BERNARD.

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt;
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled.
But evil on itself shall back recoil,
And mix no more with goodness. If this fail,
The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And earth's base built on stubble. MILTON.

25 April.

The victory is most sure
For him who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
To yield entire submission to the law
Of conscience, — conscience reverenced and obeyed
As God's most intimate presence in the soul,
And His most perfect image in the world.
WORDSWORTH.

Not to believe in good and in its final and complete victory is simply not to believe in God Himself. DORA GREENWELL.

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For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win:
To doubt would be disloyalty;
To falter would be sin. F. W. Faber.

26 April. Manhood begins when we have in any way made truce with necessity; — but begins joyfully and hopefully only when we have reconciled ourselves to necessity, and thus in reality triumphed over it, and felt that in necessity we are free. Thomas Carlyle.

Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand, but go!
Robert Browning.

27 April. Can man or woman choose duties? No more than they can choose their birthplace or their father and mother. George Eliot.

Thou camest not to thy place by accident;
It is the very place God meant for thee.
Let not the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
From inward hindrance or impediment!
R. C. Trench.

28 April. Those that can look with dry and undispleased eyes upon another's sin never truly mourned for their own. It is a godless heart that doth not find itself concerned in God's quarrel. Bishop Hall.

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The joy that comes in sorrow's guise,
The sweet pains of self-sacrifice,
I would not have them otherwise.
And what were life and death, if sin
Knew not the dread rebuke within,
The pang of merciful discipline?

J. G. WHITTIER.

29 April. To be incapable of temptation is the privilege of involuntary creatures; a man, or an angel, dares not desire it. So long as he feels Who it is that has made him capable of such danger, Who has given him a will, he is safe; for his life is a prayer that he may not be left to his own guidance. F. D. MAURICE.

The idea that the gods hate and punish the desire of sin as itself a sin, is the germ of all spirituality. Duty, from having been finite, becomes an infinite thing. Sin also enlarges its dimensions proportionably. F NEWMAN.

30 April. When you have closed your doors and made darkness within, remember never to say that you are alone. For you are not alone. God, too, is present there, and your guardian spirit: and what need have they of light to see what you are doing? EPICTETUS.

Yield all the days their dues,
But when the evening light is lost, or dim,
Commune with your own spirit, and with Him!
Restore your soul with stillness, as is meet.

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And when the sun bids forth, haste not to show
Your strength, but kneel for blessing ere you go,
And meekly bind the sandals on your feet.

THOMAS ASHE.

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FIFTH MONTH.

THE loveliest time of the year is also its busiest working-time. During the fresh days of spring, Beauty and Toil walk hand in hand. The sweetness that fills the atmosphere comes from the steady, noiseless movement of all the working-forces of the earth and the heavens.

In underground laboratories, in glowing sun-crucibles, powers both infinite and infinitesimal are weaving a garment of glory for the world — a seamless garment, of one texture throughout; — for the rose-tinted petal of the wild anemone and the blush-pink concave of the May morning sky attest themselves to be of one tissue, one piece.

Everything helps, — each for the whole, and all for each: the raindrop distilling through the soil to the plant's root, the breeze that wins forth the leaves with its restless murmur, and plant and leaf hastening upward with joyful persistence to sweeten raindrop and breeze with subtle essences which their fine chemistries have won from the clod.

It is work, transmuting life into beauty and power, that keeps human souls fresh with peren-

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nial spring-time growth, that makes man know himself a sharer in the creative energies of God, His co-laborer as well as His offspring.

MAY.

SUNBEAM AND SHADOW.

1 May. How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do, and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that every day may be the last one, and that lost time is lost eternity! MAX MÜLLER.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Every morn is the world made new:
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you —
A hope for me, and a hope for you.

Every day is a fresh beginning:
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And, spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again!
SUSAN COOLIDGE.

The fairest day that ever yet has shone
Will be when thou the day within shalt see;
The fairest rose that ever yet has blown,
When thou the flower thou lookest on shalt be.
JONES VERY.

2 May. "No day is commonplace, if we had only eyes to see its splendor."

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'T is always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Lo! here hath been dawning another blue day:
Think! wilt thou let it slip useless away?
Out of eternity this new day is born:
Into eternity this night 't will return.
See it aforetime no eye ever did;
So soon it forever from all eyes is hid.
Here hath been dawning another blue day:
Think! wilt thou let it slip useless away?

THOMAS CARLYLE.

3 May. The wind that blew from the sunrise made me hope in the God who had first breathed into my nostrils the breath of life, — that He would at length so fill me with His breath that I should think only His thoughts, and live His life, finding therein my own life, only glorified infinitely. What should we poor humans do without our God's nights and mornings? GEORGE MACDONALD.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures: note the hush
And whisperings among them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn. Each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?

HENRY VAUGHAN.

To hear the lark's song, we must be
At heaven's gate with the lark.

ALICE CARY.

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4 May. As a look will reveal what no word can ever speak, so will a scent, a sound, the spring's warm breath, the green unraveling of the larch-bough, a sudden whisper in the summer leaves, the birds' clear song at early morning, bring our souls into contact with the illimitable, telling us that we are one with ourselves, with nature, and with God. These things have power to call forth a music within us, which has not yet had words set to it. DORA GREENWELL.

"With wakeful life the earth's warm pulses stir;
Brown buds unroll bright banners on the air;
And countless fairy fingers, dripping myrrh,
The summer's robes prepare.
Impatient soul, weak and complaining still,
Are all thy hopes, slow struggling to the light,
Less worth than these frail buds no frost could kill,
Or wind of winter blight?
We pray for growth and strength; grief's dreaded showers
May be, in God's wise purpose, ripening rain;
He only knows how all our highest powers
Are perfected by pain."

5 May.

With other ministrations thou, O Nature,
Healest thy wandering and distempered child.
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,

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Thy melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

W. C. BRYANT.

6 May. I am heartily sorry for those persons who are constantly talking of the perishable nature of things and the nothingness of human life: for, for this very end we are here, to stamp the perishable with an imperishable worth; and this can only be done by taking a just estimate of both.

GOETHE.

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's.
Be comforted!
And like a cheerful traveler, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge! What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
"Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God."

MRS. BROWNING.

7 May. We should love God's gifts and denials; love what He wishes and what He does not wish.

JOUBERT.

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Thou, that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart!
— Not thankful when it pleaseth me, —
But such a heart, whose pulse shall be Thy
praise! GEORGE HERBERT.

8 May. The grand difficulty is, to feel the reality of both worlds, so as to give each its due place in our thoughts and feelings; to keep our mind's eye and our heart's eye ever fixed on the Land of Promise, without looking away from the road along which we are to travel towards it.
HARE.

I have learned to seek my happiness by limiting my desires, rather than in attempting to satisfy them. JOHN STUART MILL.

9 May. There is no better test of men's progress than this advancing power to do without the things which used to be essential to their lives. As we climb a high mountain, we must keep our footing strong upon one ledge until we have fastened ourselves strongly on the next. Then we may let the lower foot-hold go. The lives of men who have been always growing are strewed along their whole course with the things which they have learned to do without.
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Be like the bird, that, halting in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings. VICTOR HUGO.

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10 May. By two wings a man is lifted up from the earthly; namely, by simplicity and purity. Simplicity ought to be in our intention; purity in our affections. Simplicity doth tend towards God; purity doth apprehend and taste Him. THOMAS À KEMPIS.

Lord, he loveth Thee less, that loveth anything with Thee, which he loveth not for Thee.

Who created all things, is better than all things; who beautified all things, is more beautiful than all things; who made strength, is stronger than all things. Whatsoever thou lovest, that is He to thee.

Learn to love the Workman in His work, the Creator in His creature. Let not that which was made by Him possess thee, lest thou lose Him by whom thyself was made. SAINT AUGUSTINE.

11 May. Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware. SENECA.

I found this,
That of goods I could not miss
If I fell within the line;
Once a member, all was mine;
Houses, banquets, gardens, fountains,
Fortune's delectable mountains;
But if I would walk alone;
Was neither cloak or crumb my own.

R. W. EMERSON.

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12 May. A weak mind sinks under prosperity, as well as under adversity. A strong and deep one has two highest tides, — when the moon is at the full, and when there is no moon. HARE.

Wealth is a means, and life the end;
You lose your hoard, have what you spend.
For that unhappy mortal pray,
Who never learned to give away!
His heaped-up wealth made him its slave;
He did not use, who never gave. SAADI.

Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to My breast!
GEORGE HERBERT.

13 May. The heart may be engaged in a little business as much, if thou watch it not, as in many and great affairs. A man may drown in a little brook or pool, as well as in a great river, if he be down and plunge himself into it, and put his head under water.

Some care thou must have, that thou mayest not care. Those things that are thorny, indeed, thou must make a hedge of them to keep out those temptations that accompany sloth, and extreme want that waits on it. But let them be the hedge; suffer them not to grow within the garden. LEIGHTON.

14 May. God is commanding us off, every hour of our lives, toward things eternal, there to

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find our good, and build our rest. Sometimes He does it by taking us out of the world, and sometimes by taking the world out of us.

H. BUSHNELL.

Let us rejoice that we are poor,
And have no gold to keep;
We do not need to bar the door
Ere we can go to sleep:
Who bars his door doth bar his mind,
And shuts it against human kind;
Even the turning of a key
Contracts the mind's humanity.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

15 May. Those who always love have not the leisure to complain and to be unhappy.

JOUBERT.

Weeping for a night alone endureth;
God at last shall bring a morning hour:
In the frozen buds of every winter
Sleep the blossoms of a future flower.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

16 May. There is but one way for the soul to escape from the ills of life; it is to escape from its pleasures, and to seek enjoyment higher up.

JOUBERT.

Then, fainting soul, arise and sing!
Mount, but be sober on the wing!
Mount up, for heaven is won by prayer;
Be sober, for thou art not there!
Till death the weary spirit free,
Thy God hath said 't is good for thee
To walk by faith and not by sight:

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Take it on trust a little while!
Soon shalt thou read the mystery right,
In the full sunshine of His smile. KEBLE.

17 May. A gay, serene spirit is the source of all that is noble and good. Whatever is accomplished of the greatest and noblest sort flows from such a disposition. Petty, gloomy souls, that only mourn the past and dread the future, are not capable of seizing upon the holiest moments of life, of enjoying and making use of them as they should. FREDERICK VON SCHILLER.

The world is all too sad for tears;
I would not weep, not I!
But smile along my life's short road,
Until I smiling die.
The little flowers breathe fragrance out
Through all the dewy night;
Shall I more churlish be than they,
And 'plain for constant light?
Not so! not so! no load of woe
Need bring despairing frown;
For while we bear it, we can bear;
Past that, we lay it down.

SARAH WILLIAMS.

18 May. Nothing that has ever lived is lost, nothing is useless; not a sigh, a joy, or a sorrow which has not served its purpose. Our tears are numbered, the fragrance of our innocent pleasures mounts heavenward as a sweet-smelling savor. Let us take courage. Honest labor, up-

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right thoughts, healthy emotions endure. Let us give, love, become as little children! so shall we reach self-forgetfulness, that supreme possession, that dominion over the universe.

MADAME DE GASPARIN.

There shall never be one lost good! What was,
shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying
sound;
What was good, shall be good, with for evil so
much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heavens, a
perfect round. ROBERT BROWNING.

19 May. Some very excellent people tell you they dare not hope. To me it seems much more impious to despair. SYDNEY SMITH.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been, they remain.
For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

A. H. CLOUGH.

20 May. It is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent. JEREMY TAYLOR.

More than our feeble hearts can ever pine
For holiness,

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The Father in his tenderness divine
Yearneth to bless.
He never sends a joy not meant in love;
Still less a pain;
Our gratitude the sunlight falls to prove;
Our faith the rain. FRANCES POWER COBBE.

21 May. As in nature the fierce rain, the wild wind, the raging fire, are often indispensable instruments for the purification of rivers, the invigoration of health, the reformation of cities, so also it is in individual experience. In our own lives how often it is that we come across what have been finely called "veiled angels:"

"We know how radiant and how kind
Their faces are, those veils behind;
We trust those veils, one happy day,
In heaven and earth will pass away."
DEAN STANLEY.

22 May. Give God thanks for every weakness, deformity, and imperfection, and accept it as a favor and grace of God, and an instrument to resist pride and nurse humility; ever remembering that when God, by giving thee a crooked back, hath also made thy spirit stoop, or less vain, thou art more ready to enter the narrow gate of heaven than by being straight, and standing upright, and thinking highly. JEREMY TAYLOR.

But all God's angels come to us disguised;
Sorrow and sickness, poverty and death,

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One after other lift their frowning masks,
And we behold the seraph's face beneath,
All radiant with the glory and the calm
Of having looked upon the front of God.

J. R. Lowell.

23 May. It is said that gardeners, sometimes, when they would bring a rose to richer flowering, deprive it for a season, of light and moisture. Silent and dark it stands, dropping one fading leaf after another, and seeming to go patiently down to death. But when every leaf is dropped, and the plant stands stripped to the uttermost, a new life is even then working in the buds, from which shall spring a tenderer foliage and a brighter wealth of flowers. So, often, in celestial gardening, every leaf of earthly joy must drop, before a new and divine bloom visits the soul. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"Is it raining, little flower? —
Be glad of rain!
Too much sun would wither thee;
'T will shine again.
The sky is very black, 't is true;
But just behind it shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart? —
Be glad of pain!
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches; and thou wilt have sun,
When clouds their perfect work have done."

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24 May. We rejoice in life because it seems to be carrying us somewhere; because its darkness seems to be rolling on towards light, and even its pain to be moving onward to a hidden joy. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.
There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
W. C. BRYANT.

25 May. That man is perfect in faith who can come to God in the utter dearth of his feelings and his desires, without a glow or an aspiration, with the weight of low thoughts, failures, neglects, and wandering forgetfulness, and say to Him, "Thou art my refuge, because Thou art my home." GEORGE MACDONALD.

Nothing before, nothing behind;
The steps of Faith
Fall on the seeming void, and find
The rock beneath. J. G. WHITTIER.

26 May. To him to whom life is but an episode, a short stage in the existence of eternity, who is always cognizant of the great surrounding world of mystery, grief comes as angels came

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to the tent of Abraham. Laughter is hushed before them. The mere frolic of life stands still, but the soul takes the grief in as a guest, meets it at the door, kisses its hand, washes its travel-stained face, spreads the table with the best food, gives it the seat by the fireside, and listens reverently for what it has to say about the God from whom it came. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

We can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough except by suffering. GEORGE ELIOT.

When God afflicts thee, think He hews a rugged stone,
Which must be shaped, or else aside as useless thrown. R. C. TRENCH.

27 May. There are hours when the whole world and all it contains shrivels to nothingness, and God alone fills the mind, — hours of human desolation, seasons of strange, mysterious exaltation, times of earthly despair or of joy; the height and excess of any emotion bears us away into a region where God Himself dwells. But even if we have taught ourselves to make the impression of these hours constant, there is still an unsatisfied element in the knowledge. We long for more, for nearness, for sight, or something that stands for sight, for the Father at hand, and the home of the soul. The unrest of this weary world is its unvoiced cry after God. T. T. MUNGER.

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28 May. There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness! Was it not to preach forth this same Higher that sages and martyrs, the poet and the priest, in all times have spoken and suffered, — bearing testimony through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in man, and how in the Godlike only has he strength and freedom? CARLYLE.

——How dark the discipline of pain,
Were not the suffering followed by the sense
Of infinite rest and infinite release!
This is our consolation; and again
A great soul cries to us in our suspense,
"I came from martyrdom unto this peace!"
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

29 May. What is it that can convert the complaints of mankind into a song of triumph? I know of nothing but the old, old story of the Death, and Resurrection, and Ascension of our Lord, impressed on us by the Holy Spirit; the assurance that self-sacrificing love, which has sounded the depths of human sin and misery and has not been overcome by them, is supreme in God's universe, and destined to complete dominion. W. H. FREEMANTLE.

Take me, Oh Infinite Cause, and cleanse me of wrong!
Take me, raise me to higher life through centuries long!

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Cleanse me, by pain, if need be, through æons of days!
Take me and purge me, still will I answer with praise —
There is no Death forever!

LEWIS MORRIS.

30 May. Let the cross of Christ teach us to look calmly on this suffering world! Life is full of trials, and it is a perplexing thing to look around us and see the race of man groaning under their burden. We know but one satisfactory explanation of this strange mystery — thoroughly satisfactory — which calms all doubt. The cross of Christ is the explanation. The cross is the distinct announcement to us, of that wonderful law which fills all life, that "through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven." Perfection through suffering, — that is the doctrine of the cross. There is love in that law. F. W. ROBERTSON.

31 May.

A second voice was at mine ear;
A little whisper, silvery clear,
A murmur, "Be of better cheer."

As from some blissful neighborhood,
A notice faintly understood,
"I see the end and know the good."

A little hint to solace woe,
A hint, a whisper breathing low,
"I may not speak of what I know!"

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Like an Æolian harp, that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes, —

Such seemed the whisper at my side:
"What is 't thou knowest, sweet voice?" I cried;
"A hidden hope," the voice replied.

TENNYSON.

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SUMMER.

THREE breezy steps, and on a sunlit floor
Bordered with daisies, roses, and green grass,
The maiden Year, at summer's open door
Hears music summoning up the mountain-pass.

And on she climbs; soft strains the thickets thrill:
Elusive airy visions flit beyond:
The forest-path invites her upward still;
Light tendrils cling to her, with touches fond.

O the enchanted world! O youth! O June!
No wonder that the heart cannot forget
Those morning melodies, that first-learned tune!
Through deepening harmonies they haunt her yet!

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SIXTH MONTH.

LIFE! Life!" is the song of opening summer. Hitherto all has been struggle, hope, aspiration towards a mysterious future. But now the blossom feels in itself the answer to the bygone perplexities of climbing stem and timidly-unfolding bud.

Life! Life! The sun descending into the heart of the flower, and the flower drinking in the joy of sunshine, and the breath of the heavens whispering through all, rapture, and freedom, and peace!

Life! What definition has ever given the faintest approach to the meaning of that supreme word? It is an experience which overfloods and sweeps away all definitions.

Human personality is the flower which all other blossoms hint at and prefigure. There is a June for every soul to fill with its own peculiar life and perfume; a summer wherein the lowliest being may be gladdened with the splendors of the Divine Presence.

Soul, receive into thyself the warm and radiant life of heaven, to breathe it out again as spiritual fragrance over other lives, and so change this

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wilderness-world into the garden of the Lord! This is the lovely moral which hides within the roses of June, and makes more than half their sweetness.

JUNE.

BLOSSOM-TIME.

1 June.

How beautiful it is to be alive!
To wake, each morn, as if the Maker's grace
Did us afresh from nothingness derive,
That we might sing, "How happy is our case!
How beautiful it is to be alive!"
To read in some good book, until we feel
Love for the one who wrote it; then to kneel
Close unto Him whose love our soul doth shrive;
While every moment's joy doth more reveal
How beautiful it is to be alive.
Thus ever towards man's height of nobleness
Striving some new progression to contrive,
Till, just as any other friend's, we press
Death's hand; and having died, feel none the less
How beautiful it is to be alive. H. S. Sutton.

2 June. It is good for a man perplexed and lost among many thoughts to come into closer intercourse with Nature, and to learn her ways and to catch her spirit. It is no fancy to believe

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that if the children of this generation are taught a great deal more than we used to be taught of nature, and the ways of God in nature, they will be provided with the material for far healthier, happier, and less perplexed and anxious lives than some of us are living. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can. WORDSWORTH.

3 June. It is not possible for a Christian man to walk across so much as a rood of the natural earth, with mind unagitated and rightly poised, without receiving strength and hope from some stone, flower, leaf, or sound, nor without a sense of a dew falling on him out of the sky. It seems to me that the real sources of bluntness in the feelings towards the splendor of the grass and glory of the flower are less to be found in ardor of occupation, in seriousness of compassion, or heavenliness of desire, than in the turning of the eye at intervals of rest too selfishly within.
JOHN RUSKIN.

4 June.

If thou art worn, and hard beset
With troubles that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! no tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.

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Soar with the birds, and flutter with the leaf!
Dance with the seeded grass in fringy play!
Sail with the cloud, wave with the dreaming pine,
And float with Nature all the livelong day!
Call not such hours an idle waste of time!
Land that lies fallow gains a quiet power;
It treasures, from the brooding of God's wings,
Strength to unfold the future tree and flower.

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

5 June. One would almost fancy that the sky and air were full of feeling and thought. How can they have so much expression of the soul, without any soul? Speaking of flowers, Wilberforce said that they seemed to him "like the smile on the Father's countenance." So all the beauty of the sky and the earth is like the smile of God; and a smile shows us the disposition of the person just as certainly as any words he can use. This accounts for the expression spoken of. One cannot sit down in the midst of this loveliness without being conscious that it is a Divine Presence that makes it lovely.

HENRY WARE, JR.

I cannot tell what you say, green leaves,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

I cannot tell what you say, rosy rocks,
I cannot tell what you say;
But I know that there is a spirit in you,
And a word in you this day.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

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6 June. It is a true instinct when men are led to regard the beauty of the world that comes to them through the eye, and the moral light which shines from behind upon the soul, as coming from one centre, and leading upward to the thought of one Being who is above both. In this way all visible beauty becomes a hint and a foreshadowing of something more than itself.

J. C. SHAIRP.

No mere machine is Nature,
  Wound up, and left to play;
No wind-harp swept at random
  By airs that idly stray;
A spirit sways the music, —
  A hand is on the chords;
Oh, bow thy head and listen!
  That hand — it is the Lord's.

MRS. CHARLES.

7 June. Every existing thing or object in the created empire of God, all forms, colors, heights, weights, magnitudes, forces, come out of God's mind covered all over with tokens, saturated all through with flavors of His intelligence. They represent God's thought, — the invisible things of God; and an angel coming out into the world, instead of seeing nothing in them but only walls, would see God expressed by them, just as we are expressed by our faces and bodies. The invisible things of God, all His eternal realities, would be clearly seen. H. BUSHNELL.

Nothing 's small!
No lily-muffled hum of a summer-bee,

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But finds some coupling with the spinning stars;
No pebble at your feet but proves a sphere;
No chaffinch, but implies the cherubim.
Earth 's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

8 June. Every rose is an autograph from the hand of the Almighty God. The universe itself is a great autograph of the Almighty.

THEODORE PARKER.

"God of the granite and the rose!
Soul of the sparrow and the bee!
The mighty tide of being flows,
Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.
It leaps to life in grass and flowers;
Through every grade of being runs;
While from creation's radiant towers
Its glory streams in stars and suns."

9 June. If I am spiritual, then the world is a revelation of God to me; and there is a spirit looks in upon my spirit from out of the sky, and the earth and the sea, from out of the sun and the moon, and from out of the rose.

MOUNTFORD.

God's Spirit falls on me as dew-drops on a rose,
If I but like a rose my heart to him unclose.

ANGELUS SILESIUS.

10 June. Flowers are the beautiful hieroglyphics of Nature, with which she indicates how much she loves us. GOETHE.

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The wild white rosebud in my hand
Hath meanings meant for me alone,
Which no one else can understand:
To you it breathes with altered tone.

OWEN MEREDITH.

11 June. The world is the vesture of the unseen God; its whole atmosphere is charged with His presence. Whoever, in humble faith, and with a heart which longs for truth and goodness, opens his mouth and draws in his breath, that man is straightway filled, not with some vague influence only, but with all the fullness of God. The desire and the power to do right which he acquires is none other than the central force which animates the world. He lives and moves in God. W. H. FREEMANTLE.

For oh, but the world is fair, is fair!
And oh, but the world is sweet!
I will out in the gold of the blossoming mould,
And sit at the Master's feet.
And the love that my heart would speak
I will fold in the lily's rim,
That the lips of the blossoms, more pure and meek,
May offer it up to Him! INA D. COOLBRITH.

12 June. If I knew all that is to be learned from a daisy even, I should be less a stranger to God than I am. All about me, tree unto tree is uttering speech, and flower unto flower is showing knowledge. But it is in a language that I

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do not understand, but which I shall remember; and so which I shall learn the whole meaning of hereafter. MOUNTFORD.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies, —
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand:
Little flower, if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is,
ALFRED TENNYSON.

13 June. I have some favorite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain-daisy, the harebell, the fox-glove, the wild brier-rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plover in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities; — a God that made all things, man's immaterial and immortal nature. ROBERT BURNS.

Flowers are not flowers unto the poet's eyes;
Their beauty thrills him by an inward sense;
He knows that outward seemings are but lies,
Or, at the most, but earthly shadows, whence

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The soul that looks within for truth may guess
The presence of some wondrous heavenliness.
J. R. LOWELL.

14 June.

"There is religion in a flower;
Its still, small voice is as the voice of conscience;
Mountains and oceans, planets, suns, and systems,
Bear not the impress of Almighty power
In characters more legible than those
Which He hath written on the tiniest flower
Whose light bell bends beneath the dew-drop's weight."

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that swingeth
And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer. HORACE SMITH.

15 June. It is our Maker's care that plants alike thorns and flowers in our path. To reject His flowers would be none the less unfilial than to repine at His thorns. FRANCES POWER COBBE.

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,
Their fellowship renew;
The stems are faithful to the root
That worketh out of view;
And to the rock the root adheres,
In every fibre true.
Close clings to earth the living rock,
Though threatening still to fall;

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The earth is constant to her sphere,
And God upholds them all.

WORDSWORTH.

16 June. Instead of complaining that the rose has thorns, I congratulate myself that the thorn is surmounted by roses, and that the bush bears flowers. JOUBERT.

The grass is softer to my tread
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red
Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Why so sad a moan?
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown.

KEATS.

Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief; death cannot long divide:
For is it not as if the rose that climbed
My garden-wall, had bloomed the other side?

ALICE CAREY.

17 June. The Divine Spirit permeates every pore of matter and of humanity, and yet is absolutely different from both. There is no lily in the field and no rose in the valley whose bloom and fragrance do not come from the breath of Infinite Beauty. There is no beauty, no wisdom, no faithfulness, no purity, no piety and self-sacrifice that is not inspired by Him. The goodness of all the good is a ray of reflection from Him; the greatness of all the great points to His throne on high. P. C. MOZOOMDAR.

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To win the secret of a weed's plain heart
Reveals some clew to spiritual things

J. R. LOWELL.

18 June. Oh, forests, with your fresh coolness; glades, with tempered light, filled with wingèd creatures rejoicing in their life of a day; mountains, with grassy summits, majesty of peaks of snow; ineffable charm of the valley; blue lakes, entranced, looking up to and reflecting the sky, — my God made you what you are.

It is God who will create the new earth. Our low prose effaces your poetry. The hymn which rises from your solitudes is overpowered by our jarring voices. Your flowers pass away; the flowers of Paradise will be sweeter still, and will never fade.

MADAME DE GASPARIN.

19 June.

And the old warfare from within that had gone
on so long, —
The wasting of the inner strife, the sting of outward wrong, —
Went with me o'er the breezy hill, went with me
up the glade;
I found not God among the trees, and yet I was
afraid.

I mused, and fire that smouldered long within my
breast brake free;
I said, "O God, Thy works are good, but yet
they are not THEE;
Still greater to the sense is that which breathes
through every part;

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Still sweeter to the heart than all is He who made the heart!" DORA GREENWELL.

20 June. Bright as are the sun, the sky, and the clouds; green as are the leaves and the fields; sweet as is the singing of the birds; we know that they are not all, and we will not take up with a part for the whole. They proceed from a centre of love and goodness, which is God Himself; but they are not His fullness; they speak of heaven, but they are not heaven; they are but as stray beams and dim reflections of His image. J. H. NEWMAN.

O ye trees that wave and glisten round!
O ye waters gurgling down the dell!
Pulses throb in every sight and sound;
Living Nature's more than magic spell.
Yet, O Nature, less is all of thine
Than thy borrowings from the human breast;
Thou, O God, hast made Thy child divine;
And for him his world Thou hallowest.
JOHN STERLING.

21 June. More than mere growth is expected of a plant. Healthy juices may be in its veins, it may have vigor sufficient for its own sustenance, and yet be no ornament, but an incumbrance to the place it fills. Flower or fruit, some loveliness of tint, some grace of waving spray or comforting shade, we always look for in the growths of earth.

And so of spiritual development. More than

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mere living, more than mere inward satisfaction, is required of us. Our best gifts, those that we count as peculiarly ours, are not for ourselves alone. They are hardly our own, until they have found expression in blossom and fruitage. Our prayer must be not only "Let Thy life be within us!" but also, "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us!"

Heaven does with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves. For if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike
As if we had them not. SHAKESPEARE.

22 June.

The secret that doth make a flower a flower,
So frames it that to bloom is to be sweet,
And to receive, to give.
No soil so sterile, and no living lot
So poor, but it hath somewhat still to spare
In bounteous odors. S. DOBELL.

The flower shines not for itself at all;
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;
Of beauty and balm it is prodigal;
And it lives in the life it sweetly loses.
No choice for the rose but glory or doom:
To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom.
To give, is to live;
To deny, is to die. H. W. PARKER.

23 June. "All beautiful things bring sad-

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ness." And why? Because of what they are, and yet are not. Every rose-breath, every waft of the hidden melody of woodland brooks, every glimpse of sunset-glory beyond the hills, is a hint of the Infinite, that, in the very joy it brings, emphasizes the pathos of the unattained. When the year is in its full and perfect bloom, its deepest suggestion is of some ineffable sweetness, some flower of spiritual light, half-revealed, retreating into unseen heavens, forever beyond our reach. The truest enjoyment of the earthly is but the ache of the heart for the heavenly.

24 June. *Midsummer Day. St. John the Baptist.*

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away,
Comes floating back with a ripply cheer,
Into every inlet, creek, and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it:
We are happy now because God wills it.
'T is as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green, or skies to be blue;
'T is the natural way of living. J. R. Lowell.

25 June.

There are flowers in the meadow,
There are clouds in the sky;
Songs pour from the woodland;
The waters glide by: —
Too many, too many
For eye or for ear,

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The sights that we see
And the sounds that we hear.

JONES VERY.

Everywhere the gate of Beauty
Fresh across the pathway swings,
As we follow truth or duty
Inward to the heart of things;
And we enter, foolish mortals,
Thinking now the heart to find, —
There to gaze on vaster portals!
Still the glory lies behind!

W. C. GANNETT.

26 June. Each of us is a distinct flower or tree in the spiritual garden of God, — precious each for his own sake in the eyes of Him who is even now making us, — each of us watered and shone upon and filled with life for the sake of his flower, his completed being, which will blossom out of him at last to the glory and pleasure of the great Gardener. For each has within him a secret of the Divinity; each is growing towards the revelation of that secret to himself, and so to the full reception, according to his measure, of the Divine.

And what an end lies before us! To have a consciousness of our own ideal being flashed through us from the thought of God! Surely, for this may well give way all our paltry self-consciousness, our self-admiration, and self-worships! Surely, to know what He thinks about us will pale out of our souls all our thoughts about ourselves! GEORGE MACDONALD.

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27 June. We are like southern plants taken up to a northern climate and planted in a northern soil. They grow there, but they are always failing of their flowers. The poor exiled shrub dreams by a native longing of a splendid blossom which it has never seen, but is dimly conscious that it ought somehow to produce. It feels the flower which it has not strength to make in the half-chilled but still genuine juice of its southern nature. That is the way in which the ideal life, the life of full completions, haunts us all. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Every natural flower which grows on earth
Implies a flower on the spiritual side,
Substantial, archetypal, all aglow
With blossoming causes, — not so far away
That we, whose spirit-sense is somewhat cleared,
May catch at something of the bloom and breath —
Too vaguely apprehended, though indeed
Still apprehended. MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

28 June. The Bible reveals that Christ, the Eternal Word, is in Nature. The world is but the form, of which Christ is the Personality; the body, of which the soul is God; the outer appearance, of which the reality is God, and which mediates between God and us. Beneath it all is Life, and that Life is God. The beauty of the sea-shell and of the field-flower is the loveliness

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of God; the Force which moves the waters everlastingly is the mighty movement of the One Living Being; the instinct which brings the wild birds in long lines through heaven at the appointed season, is the order of the mind of God in them, even though unknown to them. "He is in them, and they were made by Him, and they know Him not." F. W. Robertson.

29 June.

One Spirit — His
Who wore the plaited thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature. Not a flower
But shows some touch in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivaled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,
And bathes their eyes with nectar.
Happy who walks with Him! whom, what he finds
Of flavor or of scent, in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God.
Cowper.

30 June.

Farewell, dear flowers! sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell and ornament,
And after death, for cures.
I follow straight without complaints or grief;
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours. George Herbert.

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The freshness that has cheered thy morning hours,
The sunset glory that hath lit thine eye,
The night-wind's voice, the sweet perfume of flowers,
Have passed into thy life, no more to die,
And shall be raised again, in that last day
When thy first earth and heaven have fled away.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

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SEVENTH MONTH.

THE flood-tide of summer is upon the world. Earth sways dreamily on her own atmosphere among the stars, like the water-lily among her sister-blossoms upon the unruffled bosom of the lake. The white sails on the horizon are like lily-petals languidly drifted by their own breath along the breezeless shimmer of the sea. Nature, at the height and fullness of her beauty, like the enchanted princess, has fallen asleep among her flowers.

It is the hour of peace which precedes the change from the morning to the afternoon of the year. For all things there is a noon-pause as well as a night-rest, — though but a half-sleep, thronged with wakeful dreams. The hours of early stir and activity are softly rounded by the resting-time that follows, — the pause of the soul wherein is heard, as of old, a Divine Voice at the centre of all creative effort and accomplishment, saying, in the calm of sacred meditation, "It is good." No man can say this of his own work; but through the deep peace that embosoms his aspirations, he may listen for and hear the still,

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small voice that, in its very whisper of approval, calls him to nobler and more earnest endeavor. Every true achievement has within it the seed of something better than itself. The loveliest of blossoms is but a cradle for the ripening fruit; and in the fruit lies hidden the germ of unimagined summers yet to be.

JULY.

FREEDOM, BEAUTY, AND POETRY.

1 July. I fancy that until a man loves space, he will never be at peace in a place. At least so I have found it. I am content if you but give me room. GEORGE MACDONALD.

The health of the eye seems to demand a horizon. We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough. R. W. EMERSON.

I love all waste
And solitary places, where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless as we wish our souls to be.
SHELLEY.

2 July. Nothing is so narrowing, contracting, hardening, as always to be moving in the same groove, with no thought beyond what we immediately see and hear close around us. Any

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shock which breaks this even course, anything which makes us think of other joys and sorrows besides our own, is of itself chastening, sanctifying, edifying. DEAN STANLEY.

Let me not dwell so much within
My bounded heart, with anxious heed,
Where all my searches meet with sin,
And nothing satisfies my need!
It shuts me from the sound and sight
Of that pure world of life and light
Which has no breadth, or length, or height.
A. L. WARING.

3 July.

'T is liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it.
COWPER.

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten:
For lo! our day bursts up the skies!
Lean out your souls, and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow:
Take heart! who bear the cross to-day,
Shall wear the crown to-morrow!
GERALD MASSEY.

4 July. *Independence Day.* I call that mind free, which escapes the bondage of matter; which, instead of stopping at the material universe and making it a prison-wall, passes beyond it to its

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Author, and finds, in the radiant signatures which it everywhere bears of the Infinite Spirit, helps to its own spiritual enlargement.

W. E. CHANNING.

He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy,
Who, with a filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say, — My Father made them all.

COWPER.

None can love freedom heartily but good men; the rest love not freedom, but license.

JOHN MILTON.

5 July. Suffice it for the joy of the universe that we have not arrived at a wall, but at interminable oceans. R. W. EMERSON.

Free-born, it is my purpose to die free.
Away, degrading cares! and you not less, —
Delights of sense and gauds of worldliness!
I have no part in you, nor you in me.
Are there no flowers on earth, in heaven no stars,
That we must place in such low things our trust?

AUBREY DE VERE.

6 July. Everything harmonizes with me, which is harmonious to thee, O Universe! Nothing for me is too early or too late which is in due time for thee. Everything is fruit to me which thy seasons bring.

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The poet says, Dear city of Cecrops; and wilt thou not say, Dear city of God? MARCUS AURELIUS.

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard;
But in the darkest, meanest things,
There always, always something sings.

R. W. EMERSON.

7 July. In many persons, and not in poets only, a beautiful sunrise, or a gorgeous sunset, or the starry heavens on a cloudless night, create moral impressions, and something more; these sights suggest to them, if vaguely yet powerfully, the presence of Him from whom came both Nature and the emotions it awakens. The tender lights that fleet over sea and sky are to them

"Signalings from some high land
Of One they feel, but dimly understand."

J. C. SHAIRP.

More than clouds of purple trail
In the gold of setting day;
More than gleams of wing or sail
Beckon from the sea-mist gray:
Glimpses of immortal youth,
Gleams and glories seen and flown,
Far-heard voices sweet with truth,
Airs from viewless Eden blown.

J. G. WHITTIER.

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8 July. The question of beauty takes us out of surfaces, to thinking of the foundations of things. Goethe said, "The beautiful is a manifestation of secret laws of nature, which, but for this appearance, had been forever concealed from us." The tint of the flower proceeds from its root, and the lustres of the sea-shell begin with its existence. R. W. EMERSON.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing. KEATS.

9 July.

Beauty — a living Presence of the earth,
Surpassing the most fair ideal forms
Which craft of delicate spirits hath composed
From earth's materials — waits upon my steps,
Pitches her tent before me as I move,
An hourly neighbor. Paradise, and groves
Elysian, Fortunate Fields — like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic Main, — why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of what never was?
For the discerning intellect of man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day. WORDSWORTH.

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10 July. I suspect we shall find some day that the loss of the human paradise consists chiefly in the closing of the human eyes; that at least far more of it than people think, remains about us still, only we are so filled with foolish desires and evil cares that we cannot see or hear, cannot even smell or taste, the pleasant things around us. GEORGE MACDONALD.

For, O my God, Thy creatures are so frail,
Thy bountiful creation is so fair,
That, drawn before us like the temple-veil,
It hides the Holy Place from thought and care,
Giving man's eyes instead its sweeping fold,
Rich as with cherub-wings, and apples wrought of gold. JEAN INGELOW.

11 July. This beauty of Nature which is seen and felt as beauty, is the least part. The presence of a higher, namely, of the spiritual, element is essential to its perfection. Beauty is the mark God sets upon virtue. R. W. EMERSON.

Never joy illumed my brow,
Unlinked with hope that thou wouldst free
This world from its dark slavery,
That thou, O awful LOVELINESS,
Wouldst give whate'er these words cannot express. SHELLEY.

12 July. Might but the sense of moral evil be as strong in me as is my delight in external beauty! DR. ARNOLD.

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I will never believe that a man has a real love for the good and the beautiful except he attack the evil and the disgusting the moment he sees it.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

But I, my God and my Glory, do hence also sing a hymn to Thee, and do consecrate praise to Him who consecrateth me, because those beautiful patterns which, through men's souls are conveyed into their cunning hands, came from that Beauty which is above our souls, which my soul day and night sigheth after. ST. AUGUSTINE.

13 July. Nature is loved by what is best in us. It is loved as the city of God, although — or rather because — there is no citizen. The sunset is unlike anything underneath it; it wants men. And the beauty of nature must always seem unreal and mocking, until the landscape has human figures that are as good as itself.

R. W. EMERSON.

I long to see the hallowed earth
In new creation rise;
To find the germs of Eden hid
Where its fallen beauty lies; —
To feel the spring-tide of a soul,
By one deep love set free,
Made meet to lay aside her dust,
And be at home with Thee! A. L. WARING.

14 July. When tree, or river, or rock shows beauty, and my soul answers to it, it is as though

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the spirit of Nature said, "We understand one another; and so thou art mine, and I am thine." And then everything in Nature feels dear.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and is more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight:
For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

SPENSER.

15 July. All inmost things, we may say, are melodious; naturally utter themselves in song. The meaning of song goes deep. Poetry, therefore, we will call musical thought. See deep enough, and you see musically; the heart of Nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

For the world was built in order,
And the atoms march in tune.

R. W. EMERSON.

16 July. Gladness can scarcely be a solitary thing: the very life of praise seems choral; it is more than one bounded heart can utter. Surely when one has once entered into the blissful secrets of harmony, the note seems to suggest the chord, to *ask* to be built up within it.

DORA GREENWELL.

O the one life within us and abroad,
Which meets all motion and becomes its soul!

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A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,
Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere.
Methinks it should have been impossible
Not to love all things in a world so filled;
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air
Is music slumbering on her instrument.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

17 July. I have long loved art and poetry, because I saw that they had a power to raise and soften humanity; more lately I have seen that they are good in themselves — or whence, but from their native affinity with things that are more excellent, should come this acknowledged power? Why, when the heart would reveal its truest, deepest instincts, does it seek to express itself in music? Why, when the mind would utter forth words of nobleness — when it would be truer and sweeter than under its ordinary conditions — does it speak in poetry? *Could* there be a prose psalm? DORA GREENWELL.

God Himself does not speak prose, but communicates with us by hints, omens, inferences, and dark resemblances in objects lying all around us.

R. W. EMERSON.

There is no truth cognizable by man which may not shape itself into poetry. J. C. SHAIRP.

18 July.

Poets are all who love, who feel great truths
And tell them; and the truth of truths is love.

P. J. BAILEY.

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'T is pleasant, when blue skies are o'er us bending,
Within old starry-gated Poesy,
To meet a soul set to no worldly tune,
Like thine, sweet Friend! Oh, dearer this to me
Than are the dewy trees, the sun, the moon,
Or noble music with a golden ending.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

19 July. Wherever there is a sky above him, and a world around him, the poet is in his place; for here too is man's existence, with its infinite longings and small acquirings; its ever-thwarted, ever-renewed endeavors; its unspeakable aspirations, its fears and hopes, that wander through eternity; and all the mystery of brightness and of gloom that it was ever made of, in any age or climate, since man first began to live. The poet must have an eye to see these things, and a heart to understand them. CARLYLE.

Poets, in seeking the beautiful, find more truths than philosophers in seeking the true. JOUBERT.

20 July. The true end of poetry is to awaken men to the divine side of things, to bear witness to the beauty that clothes the outer world, the nobility that lies hid, often obscured, in human souls; to call forth sympathy for neglected truths, for noble but oppressed persons, for down-trodden causes; and to make men feel that through all outward beauty and all pure inward affection, God is addressing them. J. C. SHAIRP.

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For I believed the poets: it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inward flow of things,
Speak to the age out of eternity.

J. R. LOWELL.

21 July. No poet ever yet has made, or ever can make, the most of human life, even poetically, who has not regarded it as standing on the threshold of an invisible world, as supported by divine foundations. J. C. SHAIRP.

In all true works of Art wilt thou discern Eternity looking through Time; the God-like rendered visible. CARLYLE.

22 July. Science and Poetry recognizing, as they do, the order and the beauty of the universe, are alike handmaids of devotion. They have been, they may be, drawn away from her altar. But in their natural character they are coöperators, and, like twin sisters, they walk hand in hand. Science tracks the footprints of the great creating Power; Poetry unveils the smile of the all-sustaining Love. Science adores as a subject; Poetry worships as a child. HENRY WARE, JR.

Even those who can in no sense be called exclusively religious poets, if they grasp life with a strong hand, are constrained to take in the sense of something beyond this life. J. C. SHAIRP.

23 July. A true poet, a man in whose heart

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resides some effluence of wisdom, some tone of the eternal melodies, is the most precious gift that can be bestowed upon a generation; we see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves. CARLYLE.

Better to have the poet's heart than brain, —
Feeling than song; but better far than both,
To be a song, a music of God's making.
GEORGE MACDONALD.

24 July. Poetry was all written before time was, and whenever we are so finely organized that we can penetrate into that region where the air is music, we hear those primal warblings, and attempt to write them down. R. W. EMERSON.

Of every noble work the silent part is best:
Of all expressions, that which cannot be expressed.
W. W. STORY.

25 July. Beautiful it is to understand and know that a thought did never yet die; that as thou, the originator thereof, hast gathered it and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future. It is thus that the heroic heart, the seeing eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest; that the wise man stands ever encompassed and spiritually embraced by a cloud of witnesses and brothers, and there is a living, literal communion of saints, wide as the world itself, and as the history of the world. CARLYLE.

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Neither do I utter anything right unto men which Thou hast not before heard from me; nor dost Thou hear any such thing from me, which Thou hast not first said unto me. St. Augustine.

26 July.

How sure it is,
That if we say a true word, instantly
We feel 't is God's, not ours, and pass it on
As bread at sacrament. Mrs. E. B. Browning.

Poetry is but another form of wisdom, of religion; is itself wisdom and religion. Carlyle.

He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem. John Milton.

27 July.

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come to sight
Once in a century:
But better far it is to speak
One simple word which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;
To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart. James Russell Lowell.

28 July.

I only ask to sing
A little song, so true and strangely sweet,

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That, though it be not wise or even complete,
The tired world, while going to and fro,
More glad and faithful, hearing it, shall grow.

L. B. Bickford.

"Sing to my soul the sweet song that thou livest!
Read me the poem that never was penned, —
The wonderful idyl of life that thou givest
Fresh from thy spirit, oh beautiful friend!"

29 July. The mighty spirits of our race are as the lyric thoughts of God that drop and breathe from His Almighty solitude, — transient chords flying forth from the strings, as His solemn hand wanders over the possibilities of beauty. One only finished expression of His mind, one entire symmetric strain, has fallen upon our world. In Christ we have the overflowing Word, the deep and beautiful soliloquy of the Most High: not His message and His argument, — for in that there were no religion, — but the very poetry of God, which could not have been told us face to face, but only cast in meditation upon the silence of history. Were He the only-born — the solitary self-revelation — of the Creative Spirit, He could not more purely open the mind of Heaven, being the very Logos — the apprehensible nature of God — which, long unuttered to the world, and abiding in the beginning with Him, has now come forth and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth. James Martineau.

30 July. The life of Christ is the noblest

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poetry; the actions and words of Christ are poetry. With that the mind intensely elevated labors, without power of expressing it in words adequate, and therefore must find for itself figures; just as God is obliged to speak to us by the symbols of this universe, and just as the universe tells us of the beauty of God; but try to express in words the beauty, majesty, and love, and it will all fail.

So in the words of Christ there is a something forever beautiful, but it is a beauty too refined for the mind to grasp; therefore these acts of Christ remain forever full of a meaning which can never be exhausted. These words it is our privilege to find, each time we look into them, as fresh and new as if they had never been interpreted before. F. W. Robertson.

31 July. You never get to the end of Christ's words. There is something in them always behind. They pass into proverbs, they pass into laws, they pass into doctrines, they pass into consolations; but they never pass away; and, after all the use that is made of them, they are still not exhausted. Dean Stanley.

Sweeter than any sound by angels heard
Whispered or sung among their deathless flowers,
Christ is the Beautiful, Eternal Word
Breathed from God's heart into this world of ours.

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EIGHTH MONTH.

DEPARTING summer is eloquent with invitations and beckonings. There is a trail of elusive footsteps on the hills, white, gauzy garments of unseen messengers fading away into cloud-threads and tissues of mist. Mountains with bluer mountains behind them, summits overtopped by higher summits, pearly with distance, allure the pilgrim-eye towards the unimagined, the infinite. He has never received the fullest beauty of the attained, who has not seen the lower heights blent in aerial fusion with loftier peaks, — who has not felt himself, at his highest, refreshed and inspired by cool breezes from the unattained — yea, the unattainable beyond. Every step upward is tonic, though the divine impossibilities of the heavens overhang us. For the heavens themselves beckon us onward, not away, from earthly things, but through them into spiritual realities.

So the pilgrim may rest under the flowering vines of the roadside — the traveler's joy, climbing as he climbs — and may read in their white blossoms a promise of the fairer flowers of immortality; may know, by daily deepening revelations of beauty and truth on his upward path,

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that he has not been mocked by the whisper which has floated through his spirit like a breeze from invisible horizons, —

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off."

AUGUST.

TOWARD THE HEIGHTS.

1 August. The feeding of the rivers and the purifying of the winds are the least of the services appointed to the hills. To fill the thirst of the human heart for the beauty of God's working — to startle its lethargy with the deep and pure agitation of astonishment — are their higher missions. It is impossible to examine in their connected system the features of even the most ordinary mountain-scenery, without concluding that it has been prepared in order to unite as far as possible, and in the closest compass, every means of delighting and sanctifying the heart of man. JOHN RUSKIN.

These old, eternal hills of Thine,
What mighty cheer they breathe!
What fullness of delight divine
Thy solemn stars bequeath!
When cheer and strength my soul doth lack,
Thy glory makes me whole:
Amidst Thy summer I win back
The summer of my soul. T. H. GILL.

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2 August.

But thou shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountains, and beneath the clouds
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores,
And mountain-crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in Himself.
Great universal Teacher! He shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

S. T. Coleridge.

3 August. The earth is beautiful, I said to myself; the earth is good.

Then I raised my glance up the mountain-side, higher than the beeches, higher than the pines, higher than the chalets, than the pastures, up, up, to the snow — up to that sparkling cupola, whose outline sharply cuts the deep blue sky, — up to that region of Paradise!

Oh, ye heavens, ye are great and glorious! My God, Thou art the mighty One, the Eternal!

Love! — It is only that which I have been forgetting all this time! — the love of God, the love which has come down to us, the love which defies time and space, the immortal, imperishable love Thou hast put into the heart of man!

Madame de Gasparin.

4 August.

The mountain-wind! most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows! When in the sultry time

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He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime, —
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.
W. C. Bryant.

Transfused through you, O mountain friends,
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends.

I read each misty mountain-sign,
I know the voice of wave and pine,
And I am yours and ye are mine.

Rocked on her breast, these pines and I
Alike on Nature's love rely,
And equal seems to live or die. J. G. Whittier.

5 August. Arrived aloft, he finds himself lifted into the evening sunset light. The mountain-ranges are beneath, and folded together: only the loftier summits look down here and there as on a second plain; lakes also lie clear and earnest in the solitude. No trace of man now visible. But sunwards, lo you! how it towers sheer up, a world of mountains, the diadem and centre of the mountain-region! A hundred and a hundred savage peaks, in the last light of day; all glowing, of gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of the wilderness. Thomas Carlyle.

Oh, to keep it! oh, to hold it,
While the tremulous rays enfold it.
Oh, to drink in all the beauty, and never thirst
again!

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Yet less lovely if less fleeting!
For the mingling and the meeting
Of the wonder and the rapture can but overflow
in pain. F. R. HAVERGAL.

6 August.

How beautiful this dome of sky,
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At Thy command — how awful! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of Thee
Even less than these? Be mute who will, who
can;
Yet will I praise Thee with impassioned voice;
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here, where Thou hast built
For Thy own glory in the wilderness!
WORDSWORTH.

7 August. As soon as the sun is set, the massive Jura stands out with outline admirably pure. The sky behind it then assumes that transparent, almost green tinge that one sees in Perugino's paintings. I do not know why that particular sky, that ethereal hue, that light without rays, that brightness almost polar in its severity, should attract my gaze, as if it were just there that we might look for the opening of Paradise.

When my thoughts travel along unbroken horizons, they get fainter and fainter, they melt away like mists before the breeze. When they meet that immutable fortress with its battlements of pine, — those slopes furrowed by steep paths, — those openings in the forest, — the perfect out-

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line of that far summit, — then my mind wakes, my life seems doubled. I do not say that the ideas raised are always very definite; it is rather a healthy gust of energy and liberty that flows down thence, and fills my heart.

MADAME DE GASPARIN.

8 August.

Yes, glory out of glory breaks;
More than the gift itself is given:
Each gift a glorious promise makes;
Thine Earth doth prophesy of Heaven.
These mighty hills we joy to climb,
These happy streams we wander by,
Reveal the Eternal Hills sublime, —
Of God's own River prophesy.
These odors blest, these gracious flowers,
These sweet sounds that around us rise,
Give tidings of the heavenly bowers,
Prelude the angelic harmonies.
O mercies kindly incomplete!
Dear joys our hearts that may not fill!
Strange grace! that in Thy gifts most sweet
We read of gifts diviner still. T. H. GILL.

9 August. We take our ideas of fearfulness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea; but we associate them unjustly. The sea-wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible; but the silent wave of the blue mountain is lifted towards heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy: and the one surge, unfathomable in its darkness, the other, unshaken in its

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faithfulness, forever bear the seal of their appointed symbol:

"Thy *righteousness* is like the great mountains:
Thy *judgments* are a great deep."

JOHN RUSKIN.

10 August.

There is sultry gloom on the mountain-brow,
And a sultry glow beneath.
Oh, for a breeze from the western sea,
Soft and reviving, sweet and free,
Over the shadowless hill and lea,
Over the barren heath!
There are clouds and darkness around God's ways,
And the noon of life grows hot:
And, though His faithfulness standeth fast
As the mighty mountains, a shroud is cast
Over its glory, solemn and vast,
Veiling, but changing it not.
Send a sweet breeze from Thy sea, O Lord,
From Thy deep, deep sea of love!
Though it lift not the veil from the cloudy height,
Let the brow grow cool, and the footsteps light,
As it comes with holy and soothing might,
Like the wing of a snowy dove!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

11 August. The mountain-tops have the stars for their nearest neighbors, the only friends to whom they can look up with firm assurance of their faithfulness: — the most steadfast forms of earth, living forever alone in separated nearness to the most steadfast presences of heaven!

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On the mountain-top, a man can but ask himself what there is within him that corresponds to this lofty strength and star-ward aspiration: for he, too, is of the earth, yet a near neighbor to the heavens.

Tell me the song of the beautiful stars,
As grandly they glide on their blue way above us,
Looking, despite of our spirits' sin-scars,
Down on us tenderly, yearning to love us!
This is the song in their work-worship sung, —
Down through the world-jeweled universe rung:
"Onward forever! for evermore onward!"
And ever they open their loving eyes sunward.

GERALD MASSEY.

12 August.

"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet; —
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet:
For flowers that grow our hands beneath,
We struggle and aspire;
Our hearts must die except we breathe
The air of fresh desire.
But, brothers, who up reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer,
Oh, loiter not! those heights are chill, —
As chill as they are clear.
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below." LORD HOUGHTON.

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13 August. Men seek retreats for themselves, — houses in the country, sea-shores, and mountains; and thou, too, art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the commonest of men; for it is in thy power whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. For nowhere, either with more quiet or more freedom, does a man retire than into his own soul, particularly when he has within him such thoughts, that by looking into them he is immediately in perfect tranquillity, — which is nothing else than the good ordering of the mind.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

At summer eve, when heaven's aërial bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near? —
'T is distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue!

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

14 August. New scenery is of no use to us unless our natures are clear enough to reflect it, as I have seen mountains doubled on quiet lakes.

EDWARD GARRETT.

We are what suns, and winds, and waters make us,
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.

LANDOR.

15 August. If in our souls there were no

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feeling of infinity, mountains would not be sublime to us; they would only be craggy steeps, and no more to us than to the goat and the chamois. MOUNTFORD.

—— These gray crags
Not on crags are hung,
But beads are of a rosary
On prayer and music strung.
R. W. EMERSON.

16 August. How welcome would it often be to many a child of anxiety and toil, to be suddenly transferred from the heat and din of the city, the restlessness and worry of the mart, to the midnight garden or the mountain-top! And like refreshment does a high faith, with its infinite prospects ever open to the heart, afford to the worn and weary. No laborious travels are needed for the devout mind, for it carries within it Alpine heights and starlit skies, which it may reach with a moment's thought, and feel at once the loneliness of nature and the magnificence of God. JAMES MARTINEAU.

17 August. We are too apt to look abroad for good. But the only true good is within. In this outward universe, magnificent as it is, in the bright day and the starry night, in the earth and the skies, we can discover nothing so vast as thought, so strong as the unconquerable purpose of duty, so sublime as the spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice. W. E. CHANNING.

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He that by seeking hath himself once found,
Hath ever found a happy fortune.

GEORGE HERBERT.

18 August. And though sometimes, on passing from the turmoil of the city and the heats of restless life into the silent temple of the universe, we are tempted to think that there is the taint of earth, and here the purity of heaven; yet sure it is that God is seen by us through man, rather than through nature: and that without the eye of our brothers, and the voices of our kind, the winds might sigh, and the stars look down on us in vain. JAMES MARTINEAU.

O all wide places, far from feverous towns!
Great shining seas! pine forests! mountains wild!
Rock-bosomed shores! rough heaths, and sheep-cropt downs!
Vast pallid clouds! blue spaces undefiled!
Room! give me room! give loneliness and air!
Free things and plenteous in your regions fair!
O God of mountains, stars, and boundless spaces!
O God of freedom and of joyous hearts!
When Thy face looketh forth from all men's faces,
There will be room enough in crowded marts:
Brood Thou around me, and the noise is o'er,
Thy universe my closet with shut door.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

19 August. The mountains make in us a feeling sublimer than of what they are them-

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selves. But they are what they are to us, because there is that in our nature through which height beyond height might rise before us in the universe, and so our souls grow grander and more solemn; but only to feel more grandly and more solemnly at further higher sights, forever.

MOUNTFORD.

Be thy duty high as angel's flight,
Fulfill it, and a higher will arise
Even from its ashes. Duty is infinite,
Receding as the skies.
Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes
On duties crowding only to appall?
No: Duty is our ladder to the skies;
And, climbing not, we fall.

ROBERT LEIGHTON.

20 August. The heroes of mankind are the mountains, the highlands of the moral world. They diversify its monotony, they furnish the watershed of its history, as the Grampians, or the Alps, or the Andes, which tower over the lowlands and fertilize the plains and divide the basins of the world of nature. They are the "full-welling fountain-heads of change," as well as the serene heights of repose. DEAN STANLEY.

O great, befriending natures,
Whom God hath set about
Our human habitations, —
How blank were life, without
Your presences inspiring,
Your silent, upward call!

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Above us, and yet of us,
One heaven enfolds us all!

21 August. This, it seems to me, is the true use of the Heroic, of a life transcending life's ordinary possibilities; such a life is a direct call upon the soul, saying, "Friend, come up higher!" And the heart recognizes its voice, exults in it, claims it as the voice of kindred risen to a more exalted sphere. It is like air from a mountain summit where we could not live, and yet it seems our native air, and braces us in every nerve. DORA GREENWELL.

Life hath its Tabor heights,
Its lofty mounts of heavenly recognition,
Whose unveiled glories flash to earth munition
Of love, and truth, and clearer intuition:
Hail! mount of all delights! I. C. GILBERT.

22 August. As a mountain seems to be the meeting-place of earth and heaven, the place where the bending skies meet the aspiring planet, the place where the sunshine and the cloud keep closest company with the granite and the grass, — so Christ is the meeting-place of divinity and humanity. He is at once the condescension of divinity and the exaltation of humanity; and man wanting to know God's idea of him, must go up into Christ, and he will find it there. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

There are points from which we can command
our life, —

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When the soul sweeps the future like a glass,
And coming things, full-freighted with our fate,
Jut out dark on the offing of the mind.

P. J. Bailey.

23 August.

'T is, by comparison, an easy task
Earth to despise; but to converse with Heaven, —
This is not easy. To relinquish all
We have, or hope, of happiness or joy,
And stand in freedom loosened from the world,
I deem not arduous; but must needs confess
That 't is a thing impossible, to frame
Conceptions equal to the soul's desires;
And the most difficult of tasks to keep
Heights which the soul is competent to gain.

Wordsworth.

24 August. The Moss could not climb to the summit of the mountain, but it crept as high as it could, and then, pausing to rest, made of itself a softer path for tired feet to climb by, and a fresher slope for the descent of the mountain-rills. And the weary traveler afterward remembered the Moss of the shady cleft where he had rested, as a part of the mountain itself: and the people of the valleys looked up and were glad of the greenness that marked the birthplace of hidden perennial springs.

25 August. It is out from the depth of our humility that the height of our destiny looks grandest. For let me truly feel that in myself I am nothing, and at once, through every inlet

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of my soul, God comes in and is everything in me. MOUNTFORD.

No valley-life but hath some mountain-days, —
Bright summits in the retrospective view,
And toil-won passes to glad prospects new, —
Fair sunlit memories of joy and praise.
F. R. HAVERGAL.

26 August. God makes the glow-worm as well as the star: the light in both is divine. If mine be an earth-star to gladden the wayside, I must cultivate humbly and rejoicingly its green earth-glow, and not seek to blanch it to the whiteness of the stars that lie in the fields of blue. For to deny God in my own being is to cease to behold Him in any. God and man can only meet by the man's becoming that which God meant him to be. GEORGE MACDONALD.

I know not where to turn, each step is new;
No wish before me flies to point the way,
But on I travel with no end in view,
Save that from Him who leads I may not stray:
He knows it all; the turning of the road,
Where this way leads, and that, — He knows it well,
And finds for me at night a safe abode,
Though I all houseless know not where to dwell. —
And canst thou tell, then, where my journeying lies?
If so, thou treadest with me the same blue skies.
JONES VERY.

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27 August. It is true that genius takes its rise out of the mountains of rectitude; that all beauty and power which men covet are somehow born out of that Alpine district. R. W. Emerson.

O bright Ideals! how ye shine
Aloft in realms of air!
Ye pour your streams of light divine
Above our low despair.
Shine on, shine on, through earth's dark night,
Nor let your glories pale!
Some stronger soul may win the height
Where weaker ones must fail.
Upon your awful heights of blue
Shine on, forever shine!
I come! I 'll climb, I 'll fly to you;
For endless years are mine. E. H. Sears.

28 August. If I cannot realize my Ideal, I can at least idealize my Real. If I am but a raindrop in a shower, I will at least be a perfect drop; if but a leaf in a whole June, I will at least be a perfect leaf. W. C. Gannett.

Love Virtue. She alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery clime:
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.
Milton.

29 August.

Not failure, but low aim, is crime.
James Russell Lowell.

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The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best. GEORGE ELIOT.

They only the victory win,
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight, if need be, to die! W. W. STORY.

30 August.

Fail, yet rejoice; because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success.

It may be that in some great need
Thy life's poor fragments are decreed
To help build up a lofty deed.

Thy heart should throb in vast content,
Thus knowing that it was but meant
As chord in one great instrument;

That even the discord in thy soul
May make completer music roll
From out the great harmonious whole.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Even our failures are a prophecy, —
Even our yearnings and our bitter tears
After that fair and good we could not grasp.
GEORGE ELIOT.

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31 August.

I know
How far high failure overleaps the bounds
Of low successes. — Not from arrogant pride,
Nor over-boldness fail they, who have striven
To tell what they have heard, with voice too weak
For such high message. More it is than ease,
Palace and pomp, honors and luxuries,
To have seen white Presences upon the hills;
To have heard the voices of the Eternal Gods.

LEWIS MORRIS.

And thou shalt walk in soft white light, with kings and priests abroad;
And thou shalt summer high in bliss, upon the hills of God. THOMAS AIRD.

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AUTUMN.

A WOMAN, moving up the orchard-slope
With even gait, and steady, seeking eyes.
Autumn, that ripens all things, ripens hope;
Trees bear fruit every month, in Paradise.

September, standing on her golden round
Of the year's ladder, mid her vintage-leaves,
Hears through her harvest-fields a wail resound; —
Her starving sisters begging for her sheaves.

Autumn did but enrich herself to give;
And, scattering blessings, see her now depart,
Whispering that on life's hills 't was sweet to live,
While Indian Summer sunshine warmed her heart!

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NINTH MONTH.

MANY kinds of fruit grow upon the tree of life, but none so sweet as friendship. It ripens at all seasons; and, as with the orange-tree, its blossoms and fruit appear at the same time, full of refreshment for sense and for soul.

As we welcome the early apple and the peach, that come to us with the aroma of summer yet fresh within them and warm upon them, so gladly we reach out our hand for the friendship that enriches the autumn of our life, looking upon it, albeit, only as the promise of more enduring fruit which will solace and strengthen us in the winter of age.

But who shall speak of friendship as ripening for earth alone? If we are not to feed eternally upon this manna, our own immortality can have little meaning to us. No: when spirits have once found their true blending in the life divine, each shall be able to say of the other forever, "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

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SEPTEMBER.

HEART UNTO HEART.

1 September. In the progress of each man's character, his relations to the best men, which at first seem only the romances of youth, acquire a graver importance; and he will have learned the lesson of life who is skillful in the ethics of friendship. R. W. Emerson.

Beyond all wealth, honor, or even health, is the attachment we form to noble souls; because to become one with the good, generous, and true, is to become in a measure good, generous, and true ourselves. Dr. Arnold.

2 September. The supreme happiness of life is the conviction that we are loved, — loved for ourselves, — say, rather, loved in spite of ourselves. Victor Hugo.

From irrepressible thoughts foreboding ill,
I turn to thee as to a heaven apart: —
Oh! not apart, not distant, near me ever,
So near my soul that nothing can thee sever!
How shall I fear, knowing there is for me
A city of refuge, builded pleasantly
Within the silent places of the heart?
Arthur Henry Hallam.

3 September. Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends; for it is one of God's

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best gifts. It involves many things; but above all, the power of going out of one's self, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and living in another man. THOMAS HUGHES.

Friendship, a dear balm,—
Whose coming is as light and music are
Mid dissonance and gloom: — a star
Which moves not mid the moving heavens alone;
A smile among dark frowns; a gentle tone
Among rude voices; a beloved light;
A solitude, a refuge, a delight. SHELLEY.

4 September. We can never replace a friend. When a man is fortunate enough to have several, he finds that they are all different: no one has a double in friendship.

FREDERICK VON SCHILLER.

Somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours
For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each chasing each through all the weary hours,
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal:
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden flowers,
Into one beautiful and perfect whole;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

5 September. By Friendship, I suppose you mean the greatest love, and the greatest usefulness, and the most open communications, and the noblest sufferings, and the most exemplary faith-

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fulness, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red.
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth;
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair:
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

R. W. EMERSON.

6 September. Blessed influence of one true, loving soul on another! Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf, and glowing tasseled flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts; our sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in thin vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath; they touch us with soft, responsive hands; they look upon us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living, human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like

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a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.

GEORGE ELIOT.

7 September.

True love in this differs from gold and clay,
That to divide is not to take away. —
If you divide suffering and dross, you may
Diminish till it is consumed away;
If you divide pleasure, and love, and thought,
Each part exceeds the whole; and we know not
How much, while any yet remains unshared,
Of pleasure may be gained, of sorrow spared.

SHELLEY.

The love for one, from which there doth not spring
Wide love for all, is but a worthless thing.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

8 September. So long as thou hast a whole and undivided love towards all men, a share of the virtues and divine influences bestowed upon all flows out unto thee through this love. But if thou dost sever any one from this spirit of universal love, thou wilt not receive the precious benefits of the outflowings of love. JOHN TAULER.

Pure and true affection, well I know,
Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.
When we love perfectly, for its own sake
We love, and not our own; being ready thus,
Whatever sacrifice is asked, to make; —
That which is best for it, is best for us.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

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9 September. The highest compact we can make with our fellow is, "Let there be truth between us two for evermore."

Between simple and noble persons there is always a quick intelligence; they recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess, — namely on sincerity and uprightness. For it is not what talents or genius a man has, but how he is to his talents, that constitutes friendship and character. The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also. R. W. Emerson.

Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men. Phillips Brooks.

10 September. It is folly to believe that one can faithfully love, who does not love faithfulness. Sir Philip Sidney.

Beloved, who love beauty and fair truth,
Come nearer me! too near ye cannot come:
Make me an atmosphere sweet with your youth!
Give me your souls to breathe in, a large room!
Speak not a word, for see, my spirit lies
Helpless and dumb; shine on me with your eyes! George MacDonald.

11 September. Let him be to me a spirit. It is foolish to be afraid of making our ties too spiritual, as if we could lose any genuine love.

I will owe to my friends this evanescent inter-

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course. I will receive from them, not what they have, but what they are. They shall give me that which properly they cannot give, but which emanates from them. But they shall not hold me by any relations less subtle and pure.

R. W. EMERSON.

If thou *hast* something, bring thy goods!
A fair return be thine!
If thou *art* something, bring thy soul
And interchange with mine!

FREDERICK VON SCHILLER.

12 September. Every emotion which a man can feel, every experience which a man can undergo, has its little form and its great form. Love is either a whim of the eyes, or a devotion and consecration of the soul. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Far have I clambered in my mind,
But nought so great as Love I find.
Higher than heaven! lower than hell!
What is thy tent? Where mayest thou dwell?
My mansion hight Humility;
Heaven's vastest capability.
The further it doth downward bend,
The higher up it doth ascend;
If it go down to utmost nought,
It shall return with what it sought.

HENRY MORE.

13 September. I believe philosophers have not noticed one thing, — the absorbent character of the soul. Marvelous is its power of receptivity. It is a wonderfully impressionable sub-

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stance. An hour in the company of saints is enough. The whole heart is revolutionized. All scriptures bear testimony to this blessed influence. KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

Oh! if we owe warm thanks to Heaven, 't is when
In the slow progress of the struggling years
Our touch is blest to feel the pulse of men
Who walk in light and love above their peers
White-robed, and forward point with guiding hand,
Breathing a heaven around them where they stand. JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

14 September. We do know that we may receive purification from one another, that the tenderness, and love, and patience of one man act in a marvelous way upon another, when those qualities seem the furthest from him, when he most confesses that they do not belong to him. We do not set ourselves deliberately to follow examples. The examples get the mastery over us; there is a life in the men who exhibit them which awakens life in us. F. D. MAURICE.

I know the face of him who with the sphere
Of unseen presences communion keeps:
His eyes retain its wonders in their clear
Unfathomable deeps.
He brings the thought that gives to earthly things
Eternal meaning; brings the living faith
That, even now, puts on the immortal wings,
And clears the shadow, Death.

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This in his face I see; and, when we meet,
My earthliness is shamed by him; but yet
Takes hope, to think that in the unholy street,
Such men are to be met. ROBERT LEIGHTON.

15 September. The unity of spirits is partly in their sympathy, and partly in their giving and taking, and always in their love: and these are their delight and their strength; for their strength is in their co-working and army fellowship, and their delight is in the giving and receiving of alternate and perpetual currents of good.

JOHN RUSKIN.

O friendship, equal-poised control,
O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence! other form,
O solemn ghost! O crownèd soul!

Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, though left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

16 September. I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads of frostwork, but the solidest things we know.

The sweet sincerity of joy and peace which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul is the nut itself, whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! R. W. EMERSON.

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Trust me! but trust me not as aught divine!
Trust me with eyes wide open to all ill:
Giving thy faith, but keeping fast thy will,
Lest in one evil scheme we both combine.
Trust me as honest, knowing I am weak;
Stronger, but yet as much in need of aid:
Losing no step through faith, and not afraid
To say, "We shall not find there what we seek."
Lean on me, love! but not so utterly
That if I stumble, thou shouldst helpless be!

C. MONKHOUSE.

17 September. It has been truly said, that in those who love little, love is a primary affection; a secondary one in those who love much. Be sure he cannot love another much who loves not honor more. For that higher affection sustains and elevates the lower human one, casting round it a glory which mere personal feeling could never give. F. W. ROBERTSON.

Your love, — vouchsafe it, royal-hearted Few,
And I will set no common price thereon;
Oh, I will keep, as Heaven his holy blue,
Or Night her diamonds, that dear treasure won.
But aught of inward faith must I forego,
Or miss one drop from Truth's baptismal hand,
Think poorer thoughts, pray cheaper prayers, and grow
Less worthy trust, to meet your heart's demand, —
Farewell! — your wish I for your sake deny:
Rebel to love in truth to love am I. D. A. WASSON.

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18 September. How sweet is the prayer of the virgin heart to its love! Thy virtues won me. With virtue preserve me! Dost thou love me? Keep me, then, still worthy to be loved!

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Each moment, as we nearer drew to each,
A stern respect withheld us further yet,
So that we seemed beyond each other's reach,
And less acquainted than when first we met.
If I but love that virtue which he is,
Though it be scented in the morning air,
Still shall we be truest acquaintances,
Nor mortals know a sympathy more rare.

H. D. THOREAU.

19 September.

Oh, call me but thy Friend!
Seek thou no other word when thou wouldst pour
Thy soul in mine; for this unto the core
Of Love doth pierce, and in it comprehend
All secrets of its lore.
— This "Friend"
Is like a full-stringed chord, that still doth seem
Within its sound to gather up and blend
All, all that life in other lives that takes
Away life's curse of barrenness, and makes
Our being's sweet and often-troubled dream.
I never used it lightly; unto me
A sacredness hung round it; for a Sign
I held it, of our common words that be
Initial letters of a speech divine.
Oh, take this coin, too oft to worthless ends

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Profaned, and see upon its circlet shine
One Image fair, one legend never dim!
This word by Him
Was used at parting: "I have called you,
Friends." DORA GREENWELL.

He hides himself within the love
Of those whom we love best:
The smiles and tones that make our homes
Are shrines by Him possessed.
He tents within the lonely heart,
And shepherds every thought;
We find Him not by seeking long;
We lose Him not, unsought. W. C. GANNETT.

20 September. No: there is not one sacred hour of the heart's intercourse with others, in which we are not looking to, and living upon, the Unseen. The eye that looks on us is but the material organ of an unseen spirit's love: the familiar voice that speaks to us draws its tones from an unsearchable heart, whose life is hid with God: the very hand that is clasped in ours has a pressure of tenderness that belongs not to flesh and blood, and is an impress from the unseen soul.

Blessed then be God, that they are the things that are seen that are temporal, and the things that are unseen that are everlasting!

J. H. THOM.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;

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No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake, as a witness, of a second birth
For all that is most perfect upon earth.

WORDSWORTH.

21 September. What, then, is the true way of loving one's friends? It is to love them in God, to love God in them: to love what He has made them, and to bear, for love of Him, with what He has not made them. The love of God, loving friends apart from self, knows how to love patiently through all their faults. What is lacking in any one it knows may yet be made up, if God wills. FÉNELON.

But if He grant a friend, that boon possessed
Indeed is treasure, and crowns all the rest:
And giving one whose heart is in the skies,
Born from above, and made divinely wise,
He gives what bankrupt Nature never can,
Whose noblest coin is light and brittle man, —
Gold purer far than Ophir ever knew, —
A soul, an image of Himself, and therefore true.

COWPER.

22 September. To pray together, in whatever tongue or ritual, is the most tender brotherhood of hope and sympathy that men can contract in this life. MADAME DE STAËL.

Mystical, more than magical, is that communing of soul with soul, both looking heavenward. Here properly soul first speaks with soul; for

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only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, not in looking earthward, does what we can call union, mutual love, society, begin to be possible. CARLYLE.

23 September. If souls please thee, be they loved in God: for they too are mutable, but in Him are they firmly established; else would they pass, and pass away. In Him, then, be they beloved; and carry unto Him along with thee what souls thou canst, and say to them, "Him let us love; Him let us love." See, there He is, where truth is loved! SAINT AUGUSTINE.

Love all for Jesus, but Jesus for Himself. He alone is found Good and Faithful above all friends. For Him, and in Him, let friends and foes be dear unto thee. THOMAS À KEMPIS.

By the deep stirring of my heart
In yearning after Thee,
By all the longing of the life
That leaneth unto Thee, —
As human friend to human friend, —
Can I so think of Thee?
Like human love with human love
Will heavenly rapture be?
Such more than human blessedness
Be meant in truth for me?

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

24 September. I think that the two things above all others that have made men in all ages

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believe in immortality, — apart, so far as we know, from any revelation save that which is written on the human heart, — have been the broken loves and the broken friendships of the world.

Men could not believe that this young life, broken off so suddenly, was done forever. It suggested its own continuance. Instinctively friendship triumphed over the grave. Love was too strong for death. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Gentle eyes we closed below,
Tender voices heard once more,
Smile and call us, as they go
On and onward, still before.
Guided thus, O friend of mine!
Let us walk our little way,
Knowing by each beckoning sign
That we are not quite astray.
J. G. WHITTIER.

25 September. The love that will be annihilated sooner than be treacherous, has already made death impossible, and affirms itself no mortal, but a native of the deeps of absolute and inextinguishable being. R. W. EMERSON.

These eyes again thine eyes shall see;
Thy hands again these hands infold.
Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal loves can make them such.
EDWARD HERBERT.

26 September. If it be God who gave us these affections, and pronounced His own work

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good, will He one day suddenly change, and pronounce it evil? He who dowered the earth with these strong and sweet attachments, will He denude heaven of them? MADAME DE GASPARIN.

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given to us receive; —
Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope
What here is faithfully begun,
Will be completed, not undone.
My child, we still must think, when we
That ampler life together see,
Some true result will yet appear
Of what we are, together, here.

A. H. CLOUGH.

27 September.

There is another world: and some have deemed
It is a world of music and of light,
And human voices and delightful forms,
Where the material shall no more be cursed
By dominance of evil, but become
A beauteous evolution of pure spirit
Opposite, but not warring, rather yielding
New grace, and evidence of liberty: —
Oh, may we recognize each other there!

A. H. HALLAM.

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near, in woe and weal;
Oh, loved the most when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher!

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Known and unknown, human, divine!
Sweet human hand, and lips, and eye,
Dear heavenly friend that cannot die,
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine!

Strange friend, past, present, and to be!
Loved deeplier, darklier understood!
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee!

A. TENNYSON.

28 September. The Transfiguration has lived on through ages, and has shed its light upon all ages. It has brought the past into union with the present. Moses and Elijah have been felt to be not dead forms, but living men, because the Son of God and the Son of Man lives. "The decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem" has been owned as the bond of fellowship between those who walk the earth and suffer in it, and those who are departed from it. In the light of that "countenance which was altered, of that raiment which was white and glistering," all human countenances have acquired a brightness, all common things have been transfigured. A glimpse of the divine beauty has broken through the darkness, and has cheered the humblest pilgrims. F. D. MAURICE.

Three humble friends of His, in lofty light
Saw Him with heaven's men talking, face to face:
Still, where He meets His friends is Tabor's height,
Above the obscuring mists of time and space.

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29 September.

St. Michael and All Angels.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

JOHN MILTON.

What their works are we do not know, save as we catch brief glimpses here and there: sometimes sent forth as for guard and watch, also as couriers, also as convoys home of spirits departed, also to be escort-trains for the Almighty, — chariots of God counting twenty thousand, even thousands of angels. One of them, great Michael, is set forth to head a war against the dragon power of persecution, though exactly what that means we may not know. Perhaps they go forth on excursions among distant worlds and peoples, reporting, for new study, what of God may be discovered among them. Doubtless they have all enough to do forever, and that which is good enough and high enough for their powers.

HORACE BUSHNELL.

Neither are the alternations of joy and such sorrow as by us is inconceivable, being only as it were a softness and silence in the pulse of an infinite felicity, inconsistent with the state even of the unfallen; for the angels who rejoice over repentance cannot but feel an uncomprehended pain as they try again and again whether they may not warm hard hearts with the brooding of their kind wings.

JOHN RUSKIN.

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30 September. And in the changes which, thank God! must take place when the mortal puts on immortality, shall we not feel that the nobler our friends are, the more they are themselves? that the more the idea of each is carried out in the perfection of beauty, the more like they are to what we thought them in our most exalted moods, — to that which we saw in them in the rarest moments of profoundest communion, — to that which we beheld through the veil of all their imperfections when we loved them the truest. GEORGE MACDONALD.

"Those who live in the Lord never see each other for the last time."

If I truly love The One,
All He loves are mine;
Alien to my heart is none,
And life grows divine.

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TENTH MONTH.

"*We all do fade as a leaf.*" That was the wail of the ancient prophet, when the glory of his nation was slowly passing into dull decay because of the deadness at its heart. And from many a grand tree the leaves fade and drop ingloriously, coldly submitting to inevitable destiny. But in our northern woodlands, the fading of the leaf is a change from uniform verdure to many-hued magnificence; it is a ripening and a blossoming, no less than a fading. The tree does not reveal its crown-jewels until it is about to lay them aside; then, for a few days, the forests are burdened with the splendors of abdicating sovereignty. The October leaf-fading is a festival, a triumphal pageant, rather than a funeral.

The ripening of beauty out of the tree's life into its autumnal leafage is no less a mystery, is perhaps a more deeply spiritual mystery, than the ripening of its fruit. For it is as if every drop of the hidden sap sought to express itself in glowing color — to say, "It is glorious to live and to die!" and to say it with most eloquent intensity in its final hour.

So the tree of humanity is meant not only to

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bear fruit, but to be a glory upon the earth, and to be most glorious in its heroisms and sacrifices, in the laying down of life that it may be taken up again, renewed in other lives whose roots are to be nourished by its temporary decay.

The hoary head is a crown of glory when its splendors of thought, and faith, and aspiration have been shaped by the life-long working of spiritual elements, by the indwelling of the Divine Spirit Himself. Character, human character, fashioned after the image of the heavenly, is the crown of glory that fadeth not away. Death cannot dim its radiance. The crown is only seemingly laid aside for a time, to be worn, eternally brightening, in the kingdom of God.

OCTOBER.

AMONG THE SHEAVES.

1 October. Thought and the struggle after truth are the best joys of the best men. To follow out the lines of speculation and revelation until they lead us near the heart of things, which yet we know we can never perfectly reach; to make some few steps forward on the journey which stretches out before us, endlessly tempting and interesting, into eternity; to add each day some new stone to the structure whose lines already, as they leave the earth, prophesy an infinite height for the far top-stone, — he has not

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lived who has not felt this pleasure. He is not really living, however full he may be of warmth of feeling, and of energy in action, who does not in some degree know what it is to crave ideas and knowledge, to seek for truth, and to delight in finding it. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

2 October. That glorious word *Know!* — it is God's attribute, and includes in itself all others. Love — truth — all are parts of that awful power of Knowing, at a single glance, from and to all eternity, what a thing is in its essence, its properties, and its relations to the whole universe through all time. I feel awe-struck whenever I use that word rightly. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Philosophy is properly a home-sickness, — a longing to be everywhere at home. NOVALIS.

3 October. That one man should die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does. CARLYLE.

A man should be a guest in his own house and a guest in his own thought. He is there to speak for truth; but who is he? Some clod the truth has snatched from the ground, and with fire has fashioned to a momentary man. Without the truth he is a clod again. R. W. EMERSON.

4 October. The human intellect has had

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placed before it by Him who made it, one object and one only, worthy of its efforts; and that is Truth, — truth, not for the sake of any ulterior object, however high or holy, but truth for its own sake. We must seek and desire truth even as though it existed by and for itself alone.

DEAN STANLEY.

He who abandons the personal search for truth, under whatever pretext, abandons truth.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

5 October. It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to confirm what he pleases: but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false, this is the mark and character of intelligence. SWEDENBORG.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much:
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

COWPER.

6 October. Simple and sincere minds are never more than half mistaken. JOUBERT.

The single eye alone can see
All truths around us thrown,
In their eternal unity;
The humble ear alone
Has room to hold and time to prize
The sweetness of life's harmonies.

AUBREY DE VERE.

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7 October. Every one must think in his own way, to arrive at truth. But he ought to keep himself in hand; we are too good for pure instinct. GOETHE.

To think what one does not feel is to lie to one's self. JOUBERT.

8 October. One man is as good as a million, when he stands for a great truth, and is clothed with its authority and majesty.
E. H. SEARS.

Stand upright! speak thy thoughts! declare
The truth thou hast, that all may share!
Be bold! proclaim it everywhere!
They only live, who dare. L. MORRIS.

9 October. The firmest and noblest ground on which people can live is the truth; the real with the real; a ground on which nothing is assumed, but where they speak and think and do what they must, because they are so and not otherwise. R. W. EMERSON.

"Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach. —
Think truly, and thy thoughts
Will the world's famine feed:
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Will be a fruitful seed:
Live truly, and thy life will be
A great and noble creed."

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10 October. The man whom Nature has appointed to do great things is, first of all, furnished with that openness to Nature which renders him incapable of being insincere. He is under the noble necessity of being true.

CARLYLE.

Wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water and beneath clear skies.

COWPER.

11 October. Imagination, far from being an enemy to Truth, brings it forward more than any other faculty of the mind. MADAME DE STAËL.

I would not always reason. The straight path
Wearies us with its never-varying lines,
And we grow melancholy. I would make
Reason my guide, but she should sometimes sit
Patiently by the wayside, while I traced
The mazes of the pleasant wilderness
Around me. She should be my counselor,
But not my tyrant. For the spirit needs
Impulses from a deeper source than hers,
And there are motions in the mind of man
That she must look upon with awe.

W. C. BRYANT.

12 October. Few minds are spacious; few even have a vacant place in them. Almost all have capacities that are narrow and occupied by some knowledge that stops them up. To enjoy itself and let others enjoy it, a mind should ever keep itself larger than its own thoughts.

JOUBERT.

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Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which
Men are, and ought to be, accountable,
If not to Thee, to those they influence.
Grant this, we pray Thee, and that all who read
Or utter noble thoughts, may make them theirs,
And thank God for them, to the betterment
Of their succeeding life. P. J. Bailey.

13 October. All truly wise thoughts have been thought already thousands of times; but, to make them truly ours, we must think them over again honestly, till they take root in our personal experience. Goethe.

The truly great
Have all one age, and from one visible space
Shed influence. They, both in power and act,
Are permanent, and Time is not with them,
Save as it worketh for them, they in it.
S. T. Coleridge.

14 October. In conversation seek not so much either to vent thy knowledge, or to increase it, as to know more spiritually and effectually what thou dost know. And in this way those mean despised truths that every one thinks he is sufficiently seen in, will have a new sweetness and use in them, which thou didst not so well perceive before (for these flowers cannot be sucked dry), and in this humble, sincere way thou shalt grow in grace and knowledge.
Leighton.

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We are wrong, always, when we think too much
Of what we think or are. MRS. BROWNING.

15 October. How can a man learn to know himself? By reflection never; only by action. In the measure in which thou seekest to do thy duty shalt thou know what is in thee. But what is thy duty? — The demand of the hour.
GOETHE.

Wisdom doth live with children round her knees;
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business. WORDSWORTH.

16 October. The mind should be allowed to dwell only on thoughts that are happy, satisfying, or perfect. Happy thoughts! we have them when we expect them, and are in a state to receive them. JOUBERT.

Education should be tender and severe, and not cold and soft. JOUBERT.

17 October. The poorest education that teaches self-control, is better than the best that neglects it. STERLING.

A teacher who tries to awaken the sympathetic interest of young persons in a single noble deed, or a single really good and heroic poem, does more towards his true growth than one who can

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tell off before him the names and describe the appearance of thousands of the inferior animals; for the upshot of all that curious study of low organisms is simply what we know already, — that man, and man alone, has in a peculiar and special sense been created in the image of God. Always and everywhere the proper study of mankind is man. GOETHE.

18 October. I have learned to perceive that where good men have clung to a superstition, or a form, or a narrow miserable view, it is for the sake of some deep truth with which it seems to stand connected, and which I believe as well as they. So in the speculations so common in these days our sin is likely to be contempt.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

Every wide-spread error contains a concealed truth. That is the point on which we must fasten if we wish to overthrow the error.

DEAN STANLEY.

19 October. The truth is that ignorance and indifference are almost the same: we are sure to grow interested, as fast as our knowledge extends, in any subject whatever.

W. B. O. PEABODY.

Know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he hath never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. WORDSWORTH.

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20 October. He never truly believed who was not first made sensible and convinced of unbelief.

Never be afraid to doubt, if only you have the disposition to believe, and doubt in order that you may end in believing the truth.

LEIGHTON.

To know a truth well, one must have fought it out. NOVALIS.

21 October. Take care of the truth, and the errors will take care of themselves. You may destroy a hundred heresies, and yet not establish a single truth. But you may, by establishing a single truth, put to flight with one blow a hundred heresies. DEAN STANLEY.

It is certain, my belief gains infinitely, the moment I can convince another mind thereof.

NOVALIS.

22 October.

If e'er, when faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice, "Believe no more!"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;
A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part;
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answered, "I have felt!"
No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamor made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his Father near.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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23 October. Let any one fix his attention on a moral truth, and it spreads out and enlarges its dimensions beneath his view, till what seemed at first as barren a proposition as words could express, appears like an interesting and glorious truth, momentous in its bearing on the destinies of men. And so it is with every material thing. Let the mind be intently fixed upon it, and hold it in the light of science, and it gradually unfolds new wonders. W. B. O. PEABODY.

We boast our light, but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness. The light which we have gained was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things, now remote from all knowledge.

JOHN MILTON.

24 October. The whole of human knowledge hangs together, and its centre is in humanity itself, and the centre of humanity is Christian love. Therefore, let all knowledge, even to the utmost detail, group itself around the acknowledged centre. Seize upon each piece of knowledge that comes to you, and attach it to your own life. Every fact has something Divine in it. It comes in God's order, and may be brought to bear in some way on your knowledge of men and your own work among them.

W. H. FREEMANTLE.

A thought is deep in proportion as it is near God. To be deep you must see the subject in its relation to God, yourself, and the universe;

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and the more harmonious and simple it seems, the nearer God and the deeper it is.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

25 October. What I know of myself I know by Thy shining upon me; and what I know not of myself, so long I know it not, until my darkness be made as the noon-day in Thy countenance. SAINT AUGUSTINE.

All
Are blesséd, even as their sight descends
Deeper into the truth, wherein rest is
For every mind. Thus happiness hath root
In seeing, not in loving, which of sight
Is aftergrowth. DANTE.

We needs must love the highest, when we see it.

TENNYSON.

26 October. I think that the first condition of any permanent hold on truth is this: that the truth itself should be live enough and large enough to open constantly and bring to every new condition through which we pass some new experience of itself. The truth that is narrow and partial we outgrow; only the truth that is broad and complete grows up into us and can be kept. The one is like the clothes of childhood that are cast aside; the other is like the live body that grows up with the growing soul, and at each stage offers it a fit instrument for its work and a fit medium through which to receive its education. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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27 October. We are surrounded by mystery. Mind is more real than matter. Our souls and God are real. Of the reality of nothing else are we sure: it floats before us a fantastic shadow-world. Mind acts on mind. The Eternal Spirit blends mind with mind, soul with soul, and is moving over us all with His mystic inspiration every hour. F. W. Robertson.

Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have thought, —
They go out from us thronging every hour;
And in them all is folded up a power
That on the earth doth move them to and fro;
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought
In hearts we know not, and may never know.
F. W. Faber.

28 October. Who would grieve, although there are some enclosed spots, quietudes in Creation, which will be unexplored, unpenetrated forever? Who that has felt the soft healing of Evening, can regret that even in the intellectual world there are regions into which faintness and weariness may sometimes flee, and take shelter and repose, away from the scorch and glare of oppressive light? Sweet and inviting mysteries, among whose gentle shadows Hope, and Fear, and all unnamed yearnings tremblingly advance, and find or fashion for themselves images of purity, convictions of immortality, vistas of a long life to come, through which the soul may wander,

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freer and greater than now, "having gained the privilege by virtue!" J. P. Nichol.

29 October. No man's soul is alone: Laocoön or Tobit. the serpent has it by the heart or the angel by the hand: the light or the fear of the spiritual things that move beside it may be seen on the body. John Ruskin.

Our acts our Angels are, or good or ill;
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
Man is his own Star, and that soul that can
Be honest, is the only perfect man.
John Fletcher.

30 October. "They supposed they had *seen* a spirit." How naturally does St. Luke describe just the confused apprehensions which have haunted men in all ages! They think they *see* spirits. Every hour they are conversing with spiritual beings. Every message of affection which reaches us is a spiritual message. Every word which depresses or elevates us comes not from a material, but from a spiritual source. Our consciences and our reasons are ours, because we are spiritual; we address the conscience and reason of other men because we own them to be spiritual. F. D. Maurice.

We see but half the causes of our deeds,
Seeking them only in the outer life,
And heedless of the encircling spirit-world,
Which, though unseen, is felt, and sows in us
All germs of pure and world-wide purposes.
J. R. Lowell.

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31 October. *All-Hallow Eve.* We do not hear less of spirits, less of spiritual communications in this day than in former days. They do not assume less vulgar or less frivolous shapes.

I believe we shall rise out of our delusions, if we can say to every man, "There is a communication with the unseen world. The Son of God has established it forever in Himself. *Therefore* thou art not the servant of demons or spirits of the air. *Therefore* thou art not to play tricks with that which should be to thee awful, wonderful, blessed. Seek fellowship with the unseen in Him who is the Head of both worlds. Leave other roads to those who do not own the glory of man, his relation to God." F. D. MAURICE.

They are alive, who seemed to die;
In every breeze a soul goes by,
And whispers, "There is nothing dead;
Life stirs the very dust you tread."

Haunted is every spot below;
Spirits around us come and go,
Opening earth's doors to heavenly air;
With us forever, everywhere!

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ELEVENTH MONTH.

CHRISTIAN legend has woven into the associations of the month which is traditionally the saddest and dreariest of the twelve — November — the tenderest thoughts and the most sacred inspirations. It opens with All-Saints' Day, and is heralded by the picturesque idealisms of All-Hallow Eve.

Surely it cannot be a superstition only which has consecrated one evening in the year to the thought of all souls, whether lingering in their mortal bodies, or released into spiritual freedom. It is good for us to keep in mind the vastness of the family to which we belong, the universal brotherhood, the life in God, which is our eternal bond of union.

All-Saints' Day symbolizes the home-coming of souls to their Father's House. Not all have yet returned. Some are wandering in the midnight and the storm; but this day dawns for them, no less than for those who have found shelter in the secret place of the Most High: and by the gladness and the warmth which radiate from that holy hearth-stone, the lost ones will find their way back, if they will but turn their faces thitherward.

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What thought is so grand as this, — that we are inalienably related to the pure and the holy in all ages and climes, if we but share their divine sympathies, and breathe with them the spiritual breath which not only the disciples of Jesus, but all seekers of His truth, have felt thrilling their inmost being from the Lord's words, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost!" To breathe with Him the God-life of self-sacrificing love, is the only saintliness. His breath makes summer in the air of a wintry world, when the trees are despoiled of their glory and beauty, and the song of the streams is frozen to silence.

And November is Thanksgiving-month. The homely Puritan anniversary blends itself with the ancient festival of All-Saints and All-Souls: —

"Homeward we haste to Heaven's Thanksgiving,
The harvest-gathering of the heart."

NOVEMBER.

HEAVEN-LIFE ON EARTH.

1 November. *All-Saints' Day.* How large a part of our God-ward life is traveled not by clear landmarks seen far off in the promised land, but as travelers climb a mountain-peak, by putting footstep after footstep slowly and patiently into the prints which some one, going before us, with keener sight, with stronger nerves, tied to us by the cord of saintly sympathy, has

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planted deep into the pathless snow of the bleak distance that stretches up between humanity and God!

We ascend by one another. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. We live and die not only to God but to each other.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Where now with pain thou treadest, trod
The whitest of the saints of God!
To show thee where their feet were set,
The light which led them shineth yet.

J. G. WHITTIER.

2 November. As pilgrims, we approach the great saints, and commune with them in spirit, killing the distance of time and space. We enter into them, and they into us. In our souls we cherish them, and imbibe their character and principles. They may be made to live and grow in us.

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

And still the heavens lie open as of old
To the entrancéd gaze; ay, nearer far,
And brighter than of yore; and Might is there,
And Infinite Purity is there, and high
Eternal Wisdom, and the calm clear face
Of Duty; and a higher, stronger Love
And Light in one, and a new reverend Name,
Greater than any and combining all:
And over all, veiled with a veil of cloud,
God set far off, too bright for mortal eyes.

LEWIS MORRIS.

3 November. I will frankly tell you that

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my experience in prolonged scientific investigations convinces me that a belief in God — a God who is behind and within the chaos of vanishing points of human knowledge — adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate into the regions of the unknown. Of myself, I may say that I never make preparations for penetrating into some small province of nature hitherto undiscovered, without breathing a prayer to the Being who hides His secrets from me only to allure me graciously on to the unfolding of them.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

Is not prayer also a study of truth, — a sally of the soul into the unfound infinite? No man ever prayed heartily without learning something.

R. W. EMERSON.

4 November.

Three blissful words I name to thee,
Three words of potent charm,
From eating care thy heart to free,
Thy life to shield from harm; —
Pray, work, and sing!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Whate'er 't is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see:
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be:
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away!

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

5 November. In prayer, man is a laborer

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together with his God. We have had enough in our day of the shallow evangel of labor, man's gospel preached to man; we have been told till we weary of hearing it, that "he who works, prays"; but let us lift up our hearts high enough to meet a fuller, deeper, richer truth; let us learn that "he who prays, works"; works even with his God; is humble enough, is bold enough to help Him who upholds all things by the word of His power. DORA GREENWELL.

Not till the soul acts with all its strength, strains its every faculty, does prayer begin.
FRANCES POWER COBBE.

6 November. A man beholds himself at his best when he prays. He realizes his whole future. He is incarnated to himself in his own destiny. The past in the shape of its prophets, the future in the shape of the kingdom of God, surround us when we pray. P. C. MOZOOMDAR.

Prayer is the world-plant's purpose, the bright
flower,
The ultimate meaning of the stem and leaves. —
Who uses prayer, a friend shall never miss;
If he should slip, a timely staff and kind,
Placed in his grasp by hands unseen, shall find;
Sometimes upon his forehead a soft kiss;
And arms cast round him gently from behind.
H. S. SUTTON.

7 November. The true prayer is that of the heart, and the heart prays only through its desires.

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We pray without ceasing when we unceasingly retain true love and true desire in our hearts. Love, hidden in the soul, prays constantly, even when the mind is drawn another way.

We wish all and we wish nothing. What God wills to give us is exactly what we should have chosen; for we wish all that He wills, and only what He wills. FÉNELON.

When one that holds communion with the skies
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'T is even as if an angel shook his wings:
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied.
So when a ship, well freighted with the stores
The sun matures on India's spicy shores,
Has dropped her anchor, and her canvas furled
In some safe haven of our western world,
'T were vain inquiry to what port she went;
The gale informs us, laden with the scent.

COWPER.

8 November. Prayer seeks that which lies below all words. From those who pray as children one desires only to learn; their lives are better and more beautiful commentaries upon their prayers than any the schools can furnish.

F. D. MAURICE.

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice

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Rise like a fountain for me night and day!
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

9 November. What we desire for ourselves and for our race — the greatest redemption we can dream of — is gathered up in the words, "Thine is the glory."

Self-willing, self-seeking, self-glorying, — here is the curse. No shackles remain when these are gone: nothing can be wanting when the spirit sees itself, loses itself in Him who is Light, and in whom is no darkness at all. In these words, therefore, we see the ground and consummation of our prayer; they show how prayer begins and ends in sacrifice and adoration. They teach us how prayer, which we might fancy was derived from the wants of an imperfect, suffering creature, belongs equally to the redeemed and perfected. In these the craving for independence has ceased; they are content to ask and to receive. But their desire of knowledge and love never ceases. They have awaked up after His likeness, and are satisfied with it: but the thought, "Thine is the glory," opens to them a vision which must become wider and brighter forever and ever.

F. D. MAURICE.

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10 November. It is not in prayer only that the soul approaches God, for it is drawn nigher Him by all the higher objects it turns to. If a poet will sing his noblest strain, it is into the ear of God he does it; if an architect will build in his sublimest manner, it is a house for God he makes. And every earnest movement of the mind of man is upwards, and to God, — making us sure of the Divine Presence. MOUNTFORD.

"The noblest prayer is when one evermore
Grows inly liker Him he kneels before."

11 November. Christ not only prayed, but He *was* prayer. Prayer was incarnate in him. He prayed without ceasing. From the moment of His baptism to the awful moment when He committed His soul into the hands of the Father on the cross, did He not continually look up? He looked up to Heaven for light, strength and guidance. And what is prayer but looking up?

When the true prayer is breathed, earth and heaven, the past and future, say Amen. And Christ prayed such prayers. P. C. MOZOOMDAR.

The Lord's Prayer is a mighty prayer. Ye know not what ye pray for in it. God is Himself the Kingdom, and in that Kingdom He reigns in all intelligent creatures. Therefore, what we ask for is God Himself with all His riches. That His name should be hallowed in us, means that He should reign in us, and accom-

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plish through us His true work. And thus is His will done here on earth as it is in heaven: that is, when it is done in us as it is in Himself, in the Heaven which He Himself is. JOHN TAULER.

12 November.

'As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
So, when Thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

Abide in me! There have been moments blest,
When I have heard Thy voice and felt Thy power;
Then evil lost its grasp; and passion, hushed,
Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons, beautiful and rare:
Abide in me, and they shall ever be!
Fulfill at once Thy precept and my prayer:
Come, and abide in me, and I in Thee!

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

13 November. Blessed are the ears that gladly receive the pulses of the Divine whisper, and give no heed to the many whisperings of this world.

Blessed are the eyes which are shut to outward things, but are intent on things within.

Blessed are they that enter far into inward things, and endeavor to prepare themselves daily more and more for the receiving of heavenly secrets. THOMAS À KEMPIS.

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To keep the lamp alive,
With oil we fill the bowl:
'T is water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.
Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone;
And even an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own. COWPER.

14 November. Christianity is not a religion, as religion has usually been understood, — a system of worship abstracted from the common life of men. It came to bind men together in just and true relations, to infuse into their societies the Divine Spirit, to transfigure the coarse vesture of humanity with that divinity which is love, till it shall become a temple in which He dwells.
W. H. FREEMANTLE.

Self-sacrifice is the essential mark of the Christian, and the absence of it is sufficient at once to condemn the man who calls himself by that name and yet has it not, and to declare that he has no right to it. BOLTON.

15 November. The more spiritual is a man's religion, the more expansive and broad it always is. A stream may leave its deposits in the pool it flows through, but the stream itself hurries on to other pools in the thick woods. And so God's gifts a soul may selfishly appropriate; but God Himself, the more truly a soul possesses Him, the more truly it will long and try to share Him.
PHILLIPS BROOKS.

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O rare sweet winds from Thy hills that blow!
O River so calm in its crystal flow!
O Love unfathomed — the depth, the height!
What joy wilt Thou not unto me impart,
When Thou shalt enlarge my heart?

16 November. Christianity is not a theory or a speculation; but a life: — not a philosophy of life, but a life and a living process.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Christianity does not mean what you think, or what I think concerning Christ, but is *of* Christ. My Christianity, if I ever come to have any, will be what of Christ is in me; your Christianity now is what of Christ is in you.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

17 November. The Christ has passed through human life and human death, bearing all our burdens, connected with every individual of the race, not only by a bond of love, but a bond of relation, of brotherhood, — a bond which can never be broken. ERSKINE.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years; —
But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee. J. G. WHITTIER.

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18 November. The Christ says, Run not hither and thither; the Kingdom of God is within you. Many others have been honored as divine messengers or as divinities. So there have been incarnations conceived, — as Buddha, Hercules. But the history of Christ is history for the community, and has the witness of the spirit in the life of faith. It is maintained in a spiritual way, and not by external power. HEGEL.

No need of going from one sect to another, for that is only a change from one *human* master to another. The Christ involves and comprehends them all, and a great deal more besides; and change, with Him, is nearing the sun-bright summits which overlook all the fields of thought, and from which all the artificial lines of division fade away and disappear. E. H. SEARS.

19 November. People say a church is a holy place. So it is if holy people be in it; not else; the kingdom is within you, not in stones. Where is the holiest place on earth? Where souls breathe the holiest vows, and execute the most heroic purposes. F. W. ROBERTSON.

It is those who understand what a church is, who are the least likely to rest in it, or in anything short of Him to whom it leads.

DORA GREENWELL.

O heart of mine, keep patience! — Looking forth,

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As from the Mount of Vision, I behold,
Pure, just, and free, the Church of Christ on earth, —
The martyr's dream, the golden age foretold!
And, found at last, the mystic Graal I see,
Brimmed with His blessing, pass from lip to lip
In sacred pledge of human fellowship.

J. G. WHITTIER.

20 November. I hear men speak continually of going to a "better world," rather than of its coming to them: but in that prayer, which they have straight from the lips of the Light of the World, there is not anything about going to another world; only of another government coming into this, which will constitute it a world indeed; new heavens and a new earth. "Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." JOHN RUSKIN.

21 November. The fulfillment of the life of humanity in the world is in the Christ in God. The end is not another world. The end is the perfect and perfected world. And the life of man is not to be forever on and on, to overcome and still to overcome, to mark its advance by its journey from mile to mile, and by its transfer from field to field. That is the contingent of finite relations. The end is the consummation of life, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all.

ELISHA MULFORD.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
Within our earthly sod,

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Most human and yet most divine,
The flower of man and God!

J. G. WHITTIER.

22 November. Whatever hopes of a heaven a neglected soul may have, can be shown to be an ignorant and delusive dream. How is the soul to escape to heaven if it has neglected for a lifetime the means of escape from the world and self? And where is the capacity for heaven to come from, if it be not developed on earth? Where, indeed, is even the smallest spiritual appreciation of God and heaven to come from, when so little of spirituality has ever been known or manifested here? HENRY DRUMMOND.

In imagining what is holy and divine, we take flight to other worlds, and conceive that there the film must fall away, and all adorable realities burst upon the sight.

Alas! what reason have we to think any other station in the universe more sanctifying than our own? The dimness we deplore, no traveling would cure: — we carry our darkness with us. Those to whom the earth is not consecrated will find their heaven profane. JAMES MARTINEAU.

23 November. There is no question for a finite creature, in his schooling-day, like this: "What shall my nature be worth, and what amount of being shall I carry with me, when I enter the great world before me?"

The old trivialities are gone by, the nonsense-

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hours are over, and now it only remains to be set down in such quantity of being and character as are left, — and what shall it be? His privilege was to make volume for himself; to be so far a voluntary re-creator of himself; for his education-right was to be summed up, not in his acquirements, but in his enlargements. Is he then to be a stunted child when his education-day is over? — that is the question, — or is he to be a MAN? HORACE BUSHNELL.

Short is the little that remains to thee of life. Live as on a mountain. For it makes no difference whether a man lives here or there, if he lives everywhere in the world as in a civil community. Let men see, let them know, a real man, who lives as he was meant to live. If they cannot endure him, let them kill him; for that is better than to live as men do. MARCUS AURELIUS.

24 November. Let a man breathe out but one hour of the charity of God, and feel but one true emotion of the reconciled heart, and then he knows forever what is meant by immortality, and he can understand the reality of his own. F. W. ROBERTSON.

Above the dissonance of time,
And discord of its angry words,
I hear the everlasting chime —
The music of unjarring chords.
I bid it welcome; and my haste
To join it cannot brook delay.

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O song of morning, come at last!
And ye who sing it, come away!

H. Bonar.

25 November. I have had some thoughts, on the first coming of which into my mind I clasped my hands and said, "O, not of my own thinking are these, but Thy glorious sending, O my soul's God, thou God of truth!" And sometimes I have had such beauty in my soul, that I could not but believe it a something out of heaven.

Mountford.

In some hour of solemn jubilee
The massy gates of Paradise are thrown
Wide open, and forth come, in fragments wild,
Sweet echoes of unearthly melodies,
And odors snatched from beds of amaranth.
The favored good man in his lonely walk
Perceives them, and his silent spirit drinks
Strange bliss, which he shall recognize in heaven.

S. T. Coleridge.

26 November.

O feet grown weary as ye walk,
Where down life's hill my pathway lies,
What care I while my soul can mount,
As the young eagle mounts the skies?

O eyes with weeping faded out,
What matters it how dim ye be?
My inner vision sweeps untired
The reaches of eternity. Phœbe Cary.

My pulses faint and fainter beat;
My faith takes wider bounds:

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I feel grow firm beneath my feet
The green, immortal grounds.

ALICE CARY

27 November.

I am not earth-born, though I here delay:
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers,
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours:
I laugh; for hope hath happy place with me:
If my bark sink, 't is to another sea.

W. E. CHANNING.

Another sea, — pure sky its waves,
Whose beauty hides no heaving graves,
A sea all haven, whereupon
No hapless bark to wreck hath gone.

And so, 'mid storm or calm, my bark
With snowy wake still nears her mark:
Cheerly the trades of being blow,
And sweeping down the wind I go.

D. A. WASSON.

28 November. If Christ had done nothing more for humanity than give it this word *sleep* in place of *death*, He would have been the greatest of benefactors. He taught new truth about death, or that it is not what it seems. It is to life what sleep is to the day. Sleep rests and restores the body to a fuller and fresher life. Christ would not have called death sleep merely because of its external likeness; His thought struck deeper than that; he meant that death does for us what sleep does for the body; repairs, invigorates, and repeats for us the morning of life.

T. T. MUNGER.

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"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no power to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber, when
He giveth *His* beloved sleep.

MRS. E. B. BROWNING.

29 November. All death in nature is birth. There is no killing principle in nature, for nature throughout is life; it is not death which kills, but the higher life, which, concealed behind the other, begins to develop itself. Death and birth are but the struggle of life with itself to attain a higher form. FICHTE.

Yea, in the slow decaying of a rose
God works, as well as in the unfolding bud.
He works with gentleness unspeakable
In death itself; a thousand times more careful
Than even the mother by her sick child watching.

LEOPOLD SCHEFER.

30 November.

O Elsie! what a lesson thou dost teach me! —
To me the thought of death is terrible,
Having such hold on life. To thee it is not
So much even as the lifting of a latch;
Only a step into the open air,
Out of a tent already luminous
With light that shines through its transparent walls.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Bid me good-by now,
As going at night to my room:

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If I may, I will open the door, love,
And call to you out of the gloom.
If I may not, the Lord is our keeper,
And still we are both in His care, —
You on earth, I in heaven, — both guarded,
Both safe, till you follow me there.

ALFRED NORRIS.

Weep awhile, if ye are fain, —
Sunshine still must follow rain; —
Only not at death — for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw, when we enter
Life which is of all life centre.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

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WINTER.

DECEMBER'S sun is low; the Year is old:
  Through fallen leaves and flying flakes of snow,
The aged pilgrim climbs the mountain cold:—
  But look! the summits in the afterglow!

The fierce winds hold their breath: the rocks give way;
  The stars look down to guide her up the height:
And all around her lonely footsteps play
  Auroral waves of spiritual light.

Nothing before her but the peak, the sky!
  Nothing? Ah, look! beyond is everything!
Over these mountains greener valleys lie;
  A happier New Year, an eternal Spring!

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TWELFTH MONTH.

In midwinter, the snow-wrapped zones turn themselves to the sun for closer warmth, and his great, friendly presence seems to draw nearer, responding to the world's need.

He looks in at the windows of human habitations with the lingering gaze of a guest who knows that he has been welcome, and regrets that the day's visit must be so short. The winter's sunshine has a tenderness unknown to that which blazes down from the zenith at midsummer, and in the pink suffusions of sunset, our spotless earth glows like a large white lily that leans so near heaven as to catch the tint of its invisible roses.

And it is by no accident that Christmas comes to us in winter, with its heart-warming suggestions of the Divine Love that enters the earthly homes of ours, to make them glorious with the light of immortal life. Gifts pass from friend to friend, — gifts that gather their true meaning and value from the thought of Him who gave and gives Himself to us, — who is the illumination of earth, because He is the revelation of the inmost heart of heaven, the Sun that penetrates

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the human spirit, and makes it glow with all tender affections. In that holy warmth, hearts are drawn more closely towards one another around the firesides of earth, and by that revealing light they see their mutual need as members of the vast family that shall be gathered together in Him, from the remotest corners of His universe.

Beautiful and right it is that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snow-flakes at Christmas-tide. And beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going, — most beautiful and blessed because it is always the Year of Our Lord.

DECEMBER.

WITHIN THE VEIL.

1 December. It ought to be placed in the forefront of all Christian teaching that Christ's mission on earth was to give men Life. "I am come," He said, "that ye might have Life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." And that He meant literal Life — literal, spiritual, and Eternal Life — is clear from the whole course of His teaching and acting.

He Himself assures me, "This is Life Eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Do I not now discern the deeper meaning in "*Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent?*" Do I not better understand with what vision and rapture the

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profoundest of the disciples exclaims, "The Son of God is come, and hath given us an understanding that we might know Him that is true?"

HENRY DRUMMOND.

The life of the Spirit is the eternal life of man. It is not bounded by these coasts of time. It is here and now, but it is not at this place to be described by the location of this place, and it is not at this time to be measured by the termination of this time. It is not in the past, and it is not to be foisted away into the future; — "He that believeth hath eternal life."

ELISHA MULFORD.

2 December. God gives His children one perfect all-comprehending gift — *life*. It is His own image, His very substance shared with His creatures. Life carries everything with it: if true, it may be trusted to the uttermost; all things belong to it. By its own law it is endless; why should life ever cease to be life? It has but one enemy — sin.

T. T. MUNGER.

Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death.
'T is life, whereof our nerves are scant,
Oh life, not death, for which we pant;
More life, and fuller, that I want.

TENNYSON.

3 December.

— Life! we 've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather.

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'T is hard to part, when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear: —
Then steal away, give little warning!
Choose thine own time!
Say not Good Night! — but in some happier clime
Bid me Good Morning! A. L. BARBAULD.

It is nothing to die: it is frightful not to live.
VICTOR HUGO.

4 December. My belief in the immortality of the soul springs from the idea of activity; for when I persevere to the end in a course of restless activity, I have a sort of guarantee from Nature that when the present form of my existence proves itself inadequate for the energizing of my spirit, she will provide another form more appropriate. GOETHE.

There is no more mystery in the mind living forever in the future, than in its having been kept out of life through an eternity in the past. It is far more incredible that from not having been, *we are*, than that from actual being we shall *continue to be*. JAMES MARTINEAU.

5 December. I sometimes wonder if heaven will be the resurrection of our life, of our whole life, — if it will be the bloom-time and expansion, not only of our spiritual being, but of all those germs of natural delight which seem unable to unfold here. DORA GREENWELL.

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I take it that a great part of this earthly tuition and discipline is not more to work out the evil that is in us, than to prepare us to receive what God has in readiness to give us. I cannot otherwise interpret the great and terrible withholding seen in the vast majority of lives: this fearful negative must mean a gracious positive.

T. T. MUNGER.

For thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright Day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away! SAINT BERNARD.

6 December. When I feel myself immortal without thinking of it, I clasp my hands, and sometimes I kneel and lay my forehead to the ground, worshiping God, because I am made to feel justly and holily and lovingly. And because I love along with God, along with God I am sure I shall live. And so every man I love makes me feel myself immortal.

WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

I seek not of Thine Eden-land
The forms and hues to know, —
What trees in mystic order stand,
What strange sweet waters flow!
Oh sweeter far to trust in Thee
While all is yet unknown;

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And through the death-dark cheerily
To walk with Thee alone! ELIZA SCUDDER.

7 December. Certainly one of the strongest characteristics of our times has been a sensible diminishing of the attempt to realize the blessedness of the occupations and the beauty of the landscapes of the other life, and an increase of the conviction that the essence of its happiness must be in holiness, and that the soul consecrated in holiness might well forget even to ask where it was to dwell and what it was to do forever.

What "place" may mean in that other life we cannot even conjecture till we know something of the nature of the spiritual body in which we are to live; and paint the place as definitely and as brilliantly as we will, still it would make it earth, not heaven, if it should be conceived of apart from spiritual fitnesses, as gratifying or satisfying the soul of its inhabitant.

"*Cœlum patria, Christus via*," says the old motto: "Heaven the country, Christ the way." But it is true that He who is the way is also the life into which the way leads; and Christ must be country as well as path. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

What is the heaven our God bestows?
No prophet yet, no angel knows.
Was never yet created eye
Could see across Eternity. KEBLE.

8 December. Think not that Christ has

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come to give something distinct from virtue. Heaven is the freed and sanctified mind, enjoying God through accordance with His attributes, multiplying its bonds and sympathies with excellent beings, putting forth noble powers, and ministering, in union with the enlightened and holy, to the happiness and virtue of the universe.

W. E. CHANNING.

Let whosoever will, inquire
Of spirit, or of seer,
To shape unto the heart's desire
The new life's vision clear.
My God, I rather look to Thee
Than to these fancies fond,
And wait till Thou reveal to me
That fair and far Beyond.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

9 December.

Still on the lips of all we question
The finger of God's silence lies;
Will the lost hands in ours be folded?
Will the shut eyelids ever rise?
O friend! no proof beyond this yearning,
This outreach of our hearts, we need;
God will not mock the hope He giveth,
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

J. G. WHITTIER.

If I cease to love those whom I once loved; if I cease to love them with a definite, positive, special love, I cease to be myself.

MADAME DE GASPARIN.

10 December. Is the white tomb of our

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loved one, who died from our arms, and had to be left behind us there, which rises in the distance like a pale mournfully receding milestone, to tell how many toilsome, uncheered miles we have journeyed on alone — but a pale, spectral illusion? Is the lost friend still here, even as we are here mysteriously, with God? Know of a truth that only the time-shadows have perished, or are perishable; that the real being of whatever is, and whatever will be, *is* even now and forever. THOMAS CARLYLE.

11 December. I thank Thee, my God, that though the river of Lethe may indeed flow through the Elysian Fields, it does not water the Christian's Paradise. MADAME DE GASPARIN.

Oh, Paradise must fairer be
  Than any spot below!
My spirit pines for liberty;
  Now let me thither go!
In Paradise forever clear
  The stream of love is flowing:
For every tear that I 've shed here,
  A pearl therein is glowing.
All hopes, all wishes, all the love
  I longed for, tasted never,
Shall bloom around me there above,
  And be with me forever. RÜCKERT

12 December. Of all the ingredients that enter into that infinitely complex thing, a human

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life; of all the influences that radiate from it, and proclaim it there, none surely are so essential as the affections it kindles in others: and if beings around entertain of it a blessed and noble conception, are filled by it with generous aspirations, and feel the thought of it to be as a fire from heaven, *in this* is its true and best existence; in this consists its real identity, distinguishing it by strongest marks from other minds. And all this does death leave behind, as our indestructible possession. JAMES MARTINEAU.

No seas again shall sever,
  No desert intervene;
No deep, sad-flowing river
  Shall roll its tide between.
Love, and unsevered union
  Of soul with those we love,—
Nearness and glad communion
  Shall be our joy above. H. BONAR.

13 December. Our friends who leave us for that world do not find themselves cast among strangers. No desolate feeling springs up of having exchanged their home for a foreign country. In that world, where minds have surer means of revealing themselves than here, the newly-arrived immediately see and feel themselves encompassed with virtue and goodness; and through this insight into the congenial spirits which surround them, intimacies stronger than years can cement on earth may be created in a moment. W. E. CHANNING.

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Oh what is heaven but the fellowship
Of minds that each can stand against the world
By its own meek and incorruptible will.

R. W. EMERSON.

14 December. "*As touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read what was spoken to you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob? He is not the God of the dead, but of the living; for all live unto Him.*"

What are all speculations about separate states and intermediate existences to this celestial sentence? Those whom you read of in ages gone by, who sometimes stand out in such clear individuality, who sometimes melt into shadows, all live; for He lives from whom their life came. Nothing of it is departed, only the death which encompassed it. They have lost no personality. Here, there was but the first dawn of it. They were beginning feebly to be conscious of powers, to recognize distinctions, to feel after unity.

He was educating their affections through the first stage of infancy, — their reason, in its struggles to know its object, — their will, in its endeavors to be obedient, — who is now bringing them into more wonderful affinities, infinitely deeper apprehensions, a perfect liberty. And what is true of them is true of all who have yielded to the same guidance, who have desired the same light. All live to Him, with not one sympathy impaired, or raised too high for human interests.

F. D. MAURICE.

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15 December.

'T is but one family! — the sound is balm;
A seraph-whisper to the wounded heart;
It lulls the storm of sorrow to a calm,
And draws the venom from the avenger's dart.
Death never separates; the golden wires
That ever trembled to their names before,
Will vibrate still, though every form expires,
And those we love we look upon no more.
No more indeed in sorrow and in pain;
But even memory's need erelong will cease,
For we shall join the lost we love again,
In endless bonds and in eternal peace.

EDMESTON.

16 December. We must not think of heaven as a stationary community. I think of it as a world of stupendous plans and efforts for its own improvement. In that world, as in this, there are diversities of intellect, and the highest minds find their happiness in elevating the less improved. There the work of education, which began here, goes on without end.

And not only will they who are born into heaven enter a society full of life and action for its own development. Heaven has connection with other worlds. Its inhabitants are God's messengers through the creation. They have great trusts. In the progress of their endless being, they may have the care of other worlds.

W. E. CHANNING.

When the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven. SHELLEY.

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17 December. All our better moods are prophetic of eternity for us. Justice feels itself rooted more deeply than the mountains are; it is of the very essence of love to be consciously everlasting; and faith feels as though it could die death after death, and only be the nigher God with every change. WILLIAM MOUNTFORD.

Each hath his proper meed above,
For actions nobly done;
But love that can another love
Makes ever that her own;
Each hath his own peculiar good,
But shared by the whole brotherhood.

PETER DAMIANUS.

18 December. "*Joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.*" How entirely Christ reverses the conceptions of heaven which those He was addressing entertained! The highest joy they could think of was the joy of faring better than others — of winning prizes which others failed to win. The joy, He says, in heaven, is the joy of winning back those who have wandered; of recovering those who have chosen the wrong way. There is no joy, he intimates, so heavenly, so much partaking of the Divine Nature, as this. F. D. MAURICE.

19 December. There are some whom I have known on earth, who are now departed from it, that I find it difficult to think of, even in heaven, under any other aspect than that of min-

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istering, welcoming, making every one around them comfortable; though I know not what form their tender, ever active solicitude may take where there are none weary, or sick, or sorrowful, where there are no strangers to be entertained, no wayfarers to be cheered and comforted. DORA GREENWELL.

Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,
And of a voice like that of her who bore him,
Tender and most compassionate: "Never fear!
For heaven is love, as God Himself is love;
Thy work below shall be thy work above."
J. G. WHITTIER.

20 December. They who have gone before have not therefore passed into a condition of lethargy or vacancy. They may be nearer to us, as they are nearer to the perfect love. They may guide us towards a holier and ampler freedom, since they suffer no more the limitations of time. The veil is rent. There is with us the presence of the unseen host. It is not alone their memory that remains; their spirit may be with us. ELISHA MULFORD.

Sweet souls around us, watch us still!
Press nearer to our side!
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,
With gentle helpings glide!
Let death between us be as naught, —
A dried and vanished stream:

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Your joy be the reality,
Our suffering life the dream!

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

21 December. It is a beautiful connection, one whose mysterious beauty we are always learning more and more, that the deeper our spiritual experience of Christ becomes, the more our soul's life hangs on His life as its Saviour and continual Friend, the more real becomes to us the unquenched life of those who have gone from us to be with Him. In those moments when Christ is most real to me, when He lives in the centre of my desires, and I am resting most heavily upon His help, in those moments I am surest that the dead are not lost, — that those whom this Christ in whom I trust has taken, He is keeping. The more He lives to me, the more they live. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Some sweet morning yet in God's
Dim, æonian periods,
Joyful I shall wake to see
Those I love who rest in Thee;
And to them in Thee allied
Shall my soul be satisfied. J. G. WHITTIER.

22 December. You know that on earth we sometimes meet human beings, whose countenances at the first view scatter all distrust, and win from us something like the reliance of a long-tried friendship. One smile is enough to let us into their hearts, to reveal to us a good-

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ness on which we may repose. That smile with which Jesus will meet the new-born inhabitant of heaven, that joyful greeting, that beaming of love from Him who bled for us, that tone of welcome, — all these I can faintly conceive, but no language can utter them. The joys of centuries will be crowded into that meeting.

W. E. CHANNING.

O not of star or flower is born
The beauty of that shore!
There is a Face which you shall see,
And wish for nothing more.

M. B. SMEDLEY.

23 December.

I sit alone and watch the darkening years,
And all my heart grows dim with doubt and fear,
Till out of deepest gloom a Face appears;
The only one of all that shineth clear.
Make white thy wedding-garments, O my soul!
And sigh no longer for thy scanty dower;
For if He loves thee, He will crown the whole
With nobler beauty and immortal power.
O mighty Angel of the secret name!
Come, for my heart doth answer thy All-hail:
I know thy clasp is like a wind of flame;
I know that I shall perish, yet prevail.
Come with the new name and the mystic stone,
And speak so low that none shall hear the call. —
O beautiful, beloved, and still unknown,
I ask Thee naught: — Thy look hath promised all!

CARL SPENCER.

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24 December. *Christmas Eve.* Christ is not the monopoly of any nation, or creed. All literature, all science, all philosophy, every doctrine that is true, every form of righteousness, every virtue that belongs to the Son, is the true subjective Christ whom all ages glorify. Scattered in all schools of philosophy and in all religious sects, scattered in all men and women of the East and the West, are multitudinous Christ-principles and fragments of Christ-life, one vast and identical Sonship diversely manifested. KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

Lend, once again, that holy song a tongue,
Which the glad angels of the Advent sung; —
Their cradle-anthem for the Saviour's birth:
"Glory to God, and peace unto the earth!"

J. G. WHITTIER.

25 December. *Christmas.*

Heart beats to heart, friend smiles on friend,
Across the sea the nations call,
"Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,
In His dear name who loves us all!"

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

O Wonderful! round whose birth-hour
Prophetic Song, miraculous power,
Cluster and hum, like star and flower!
The secret of the years is read,
The enigma of the quick and dead
By the Child-Voice interpreted.

W. ALEXANDER.

When Christmas comes, we hear again the word
Our Lord spake, listening back to His own birth,

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And forward until now, as if He heard
His advent hymned by all the years of earth, —
"Except as little children ye become,
Ye cannot in God's kingdom be at home."
When Christmas comes, set in the midst is He,
The Eternal Child, to show men they must be
As children still, would they His kingdom see.

26 December. My friend says God sends Christ into the world, and therefore Christ is not God. It seems to me just otherwise. God sends Christ just because Christ is God. He sends Himself. His sending is a coming, This is the meaning of the constant title of our Master. He is the Son of God. PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove; —

Thou seemest human and divine;
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.
ALFRED TENNYSON.

27 December. A mediator between God and man must have something like to God, something like to man; lest being in both like to man, he should be far from God; or if in both like God, too unlike man, and so not be a mediator. SAINT AUGUSTINE.

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For all grows sweet in Thee,
Since Thou didst gather us in One, and bring
This fading flower of our humanity
To perfect blossoming.
All comes to bloom! This wild
Green outward world of ours, that still must wear
The furrow on its brow, by print of care
And toil struck deep; this world by sin made sad,
Hath felt Thy foot upon its sod, and smiled;
The desert place is glad! DORA GREENWELL.

28 December. The character of Jesus is not a fiction; He was what He claimed to be, and what His followers attested. Nor is this all. Jesus not only *was*, He is still the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. He exists now. He has entered that heaven to which He always looked forward on earth. There He lives and reigns. With a clear, calm faith, I see Him in that state of glory; and I confidently expect, at no distant period, to see Him face to face. We have indeed no absent friend whom we shall so surely meet. W. E. CHANNING.

O God, O Kinsman loved, but not enough!
O man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath!
By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,—
By that one nature which doth make us kin,—

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By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine
To draw us sinners in, —
Come! lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the Guest adored she entertain, —
Lest eyes which never saw thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign!

JEAN INGELOW.

29 December. To discern that which is "before and after," has been pronounced the great *human* prerogative: but to see clearly that which is *within*, is the *Divine*. And this was Christ's; the source of that majestic power by which, as the hierophant and interpreter of the God-like in the soul, He uttered everlasting oracles. He penetrated through the film to the inner mystery and silence of our nature: and when He spake, an instant music — as of a minster organ touched by spirits at midnight — thrilled and made a low chant within. Oh, when speech is given to a soul holy and true as His, Time, and its dome of ages, becomes as a mighty whispering-gallery, round which the imprisoned utterance runs and reverberates forever! His awful vows in the wilderness, the mournful breathings of Olivet, the mellow voice that led the hymn at the Last Supper, the faint cries of Calvary, the solemn assurance that heaven and God dwell in us, — do they not ring and vibrate in our hearts unto this day? JAMES MARTINEAU.

30 December. Christ has broken down the

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barriers of the grave. He has opened the kingdom of heaven, that the earth and the heavens may become thenceforth one in their life. The grave has no victory in its corruption. It bears us on to the perfect life, the life of those who have loved righteousness, the life of those who have cast off the garments of their own vanity and selfishness, and entered into the life of Him who is the Redeemer of the world.

It is the new life, — the life of the fulfillment of the spirit; it is the life of humanity. It fulfills the hope of man; it is beyond all that was prefigured in the prophetic soul of the wide world.

ELISHA MULFORD.

31 December. In the vast heavens, as well as among phenomena around us, all things are in a state of change and progress. There, too, — on the sky, — in splendid hieroglyphics, the truth is inscribed, that the grandest forms of present Being are only germs swelling and bursting with a life to come! — To come! To every creature these are words of hope spoken in organ tone: our hearts suggest them, and the stars repeat them; and through the Infinite, Aspiration wings its way rejoicingly, as an eagle following the sun.

J. P. NICHOL.

Forever! though who shall tell in what seeming, or where?
In what far-off secret space of God's limitless air?
It matters nothing at all what we are, or where set,

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If a spark of the Infinite Light can shine on us
yet;
Life following Life forever!

Life following Life forever! for what if the Sun
Grew chilled, and the universe cold, and the
orbits undone,
And all the great globes should fall back into
chaos once more?
They would wake at a glance of the Light, as
they wakened before:
There is no Death forever!

LEWIS MORRIS.

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